











INCIDENT AND INTEREST;

OR,

*COPIES FROM NATURE.*

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BY MISS SQUIRE.

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“Features that are drawn from nature, must unavoidably have many resemblances in real life; and twenty different readers may perhaps at the same instant of time, be pointing to as many several originals of the same portrait.”

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VOL. I.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following pages, which are submitted for the amusement of the public, contain faithful, "Copies from Nature:" but those who look into them with the idea of meeting high-sounding titles, or scenes fashionably notorious, will be greatly disappointed; for of both the one and the other, the author professes her entire ignorance.

She considers it, however, but common justice towards herself, her

readers, and her friends, to state, that the verses without signature, with which this tale is interspersed, she has no claim to, but from the partial kindness of those to whom she refers the merit of composing them.

*London, November 1810.*



# INCIDENT AND INTEREST;

OR,

## COPIES FROM NATURE.

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### CHAP. I.

“ True feeling does not stay to calculate with weights and a balance, the importance and magnitude of every object that excites it: it flows impetuously from the heart, without consulting the cooler responses of the understanding.”

GODWIN'S ST. LEON.

THE lustre of the evening sun had not yet totally subsided into shade, when the footsteps of a *straggler*, newly arrived at Clifton, were arrested by an object of infinitely more consequence to him than the glorious orb

that lights the world; than the wood-crowned rocks of St. Vincent; or the simply elegant perspective of Lord de Clifford's demesne.

Is it in man, haughty and impetuous, to bend in contemplation of *inanimate* nature, when one of its fairest works is unexpectedly presented to him? The setting sun had been seen gradually to sink behind his native hills, neither were the views that Clifton presented, novel to him; but such as Clarissa Mortimer, had hitherto been shrouded from his view.

At the moment she was discovered, her fine eyes were fixed in admiration on the luminous rays that shed their softened light through St. Vincent's wood; while seated on a rocky platform which overhangs the river, she looked like a presiding Naiad. In her hand was a small sketch, she had that

evening taken, of the surrounding scenery; and as she arose from her seat, sighed to think the day was near its close.

The straggler, fearful of alarming her, gently retreated a few paces: but disdaining to take a survey of his retrograde path, lest he should lose a movement of the magic fair one, was soon precipitated over the cliff. A distant shriek caught Miss Mortimer's attention; and hastening towards the spot to which she saw a crowd advancing, perceived, at the base of the hill, a human form extended motionless. That prompt humanity which the young and sensitive ever experience, sent her down the winding pathway with the rapidity of a fawn. Kneeling beside the senseless object, she passed one arm beneath his head, and with the other alternately applied volatiles, or rubbed his temples.

The spectators of the awful scene having by this time become numerous, it was proposed to carry the unfortunate man to the York Hotel, where perhaps he might be recognised, or, at least, means for his recovery be secured. A gentleman advanced to relieve Miss Mortimer from her painful office; and at the same moment, the UNFORTUNATE recovered to a sense of his situation: his eyes rested on the fair face of his divinity, and eloquently spoke his thanks.

He objected to the kind proposition of carrying him to the hotel; alledging, that as he felt his strength rapidly returning, and had luckily *broke no bones*, he should soon be able to walk thither. He then gratefully complimented the assembled crowd on the alacrity and zeal that had been displayed in his service; and with the assistance of the gentleman who had

taken Miss Mortimer's post, he attempted to rise, but in the effort again fainted.

Clarissa, who had withdrawn a little from the crowd, again pressed forward to tender assistance. It succeeded; and the idle lovers of wonder began to disperse.

“Suffer me to assist you on this side, said Clarissa, I am afraid the gentleman's exertions are barely sufficient for your support.” The straggler faintly smiled, as he gave her his arm; and his other assistant laughed outright, to hear the innocent vanity of woman! “Why really, ma'am,” he replied, “this gentleman's form being rather more *ponderous* than my own, I must doubtless stand in need of an able assistant like yourself, but who, if I were to judge from your countenance, require also a supporter.”



“ Ah! sir,” replied our heroine, “ the countenance is a treacherous index: it often deceives !”

At that moment a blush mantled on the cheek of the straggler; and Clarissa supposing he felt some acute pain, regardless of the other’s irony, entreated him to lean more on *her*, and not to fancy her *incapable* of the office she had undertaken! The hand which rested on her arm, by its feeble pressure, acknowledged her humanity.

“ Do you visit the rooms to-morrow, ma’am,” asked the straggler?

“ I *did* propose it, sir!”

“ Then I hope you will allow me the honor of an introduction, madam; that I may repay you in thanks, for the happiest moment of my life.”

Miss Mortimer answered by a silent bow; and at this moment her servant met her with a message from Mrs.

Mortimer, who, having heard of the accident, and alarmed at her daughter's long absence, requested she would hasten home.

As the hotel was now in sight, Clarissa deputed to her servant the task of aiding the straggler; and curtsying to both gentlemen, wished them safe repose; advising the invalid to seek it instantly on reaching his lodgings, and to take a copious draught of wine-whey, with a little nitre in it, which would effectuate his recovery in a few hours. "Oh! ministering angel!" replied the straggler, "hours will be days, and life valueless, 'till I again see thee!" Thus saying, he pressed his hand upon his heart and gracefully bowed.

To *bow gracefully* is an excellence that every man cannot attain. His taylor!--his hatter!--his boot-maker!--his horses make a *man of fashion!*

but 'tis nature, pure genuine nature only, that makes a *fashionable man*! The distinction is as great between those two characters, as between “a man of Kent,” and “a Kentish man!” “a gentleman of Ireland,” and “an Irish gentleman!” and our straggler having made his bow in so different a manner to that Clarissa had been accustomed to, caused her to muse as she walked homewards, on his general manner, apparent in their short interview.

As soon as Miss Mortimer was advanced too far to hear him, the straggler observed to his kind assistant, that *he too* appeared a stranger to the divinity from whom they had just parted!

The gentleman replied that he had not been above twelve hours in Clifton, therefore had never seen the lady before; and addressing the

servant, asked what his mistress was called?

“Mortimer, sir,” replied the man.

“Is she single or married?” said the straggler, in a hesitating tone.

“The lady is *not married*,” returned the man.

“Then perhaps she is about to be?” asked the other.

“I am not in her confidence!” said the servant.

The straggler commended his caution, but continued his inquiries.

“With whom did Miss Mortimer visit Clifton?”

“With her mother, sir.”

“Is she an *old* lady?”

“Yes.”

Finding his queries thus barely answered, the straggler discontinued to talk; and at length being arrived at the York Hotel, he dismissed the servant, with a profusion of thanks

to Miss Mortimer, and the offer of pecuniary reward to himself; but it was rather indignantly refused—the man saying, “ he was very well paid for his services; and that, like his *young mistress*, he would scorn to do a kind action in the hope of reward.”

“ But without *hoping* for it, my friend, you may surely accept it after the service is performed.”

“ Excuse me, sir,” replied the servant, “ but it is my opinion, that whoever consents to receive a recompence for a good office he has performed, must have had the expectation of reward before he undertook it; and now, sir, I wish you a speedy recovery.”

The gentleman observed that Miss Mortimer’s domestic was an able casuist; and, he supposed, had gleaned those ideas from his mistress’s arguments.



“ Aye!” sighed the straggler, “ her arguments are doubtless *all good*,” (but at the same time inwardly resolved, if possible, to subvert them). “ Will you favor me by drinking Miss Mortimer’s health, in a glass of ‘ mine host’s’ best port?” the gentleman apologized for refusing so tempting a lure, but a prior engagement prevented him. The other flattered himself that an opportunity would soon occur for their meeting again, and having exchanged cards the gentlemen withdrew, and the names “ Glenrone” and “ Nugent” were mutually repeated.

Miss Mortimer had, on this memorable evening, been engaged to meet a sociable party at the house of an elderly lady, who was remarkably partial to her; and whose infirmities, precluding her from the opportunity of being amused abroad, made it her

study to recompense her young friends for what she termed "lost time, that was spent with her," by supplying them at home with every possible resource against ennui; therefore the drawing-room was furnished with a Piano Forté, drawing materials, and books,—which were not only in *shining coverings*, but were conspicuous for containing abundance of *shining matter* within.

Mrs. Mortimer and Mrs. Benson had been very early in life connected by similar habits, and similar fortunes. They had both married military heroes, who had also died sharing the same bed of glory; consequently the attachment of the females gained, from this fatal coincidence, additional strength.

Mrs. Mortimer had sustained the loss of several children, and Clarissa was now the only surviving relique

of her much-loved husband. Mrs. Benson having no object on whom to rest *her hopes*, bent the entire direction of her all-accomplished mind, towards the improvement and advantage of Miss Mortimer.

One half of the year the ladies passed in the country, where they composed but one family: but when the season for change arrived, though their visits were always made to the same place, yet their establishments were separate; from Mrs. Benson's idea of giving an increase of pleasure to the child of her early adoption.

For this purpose, as soon as she was settled in her apartments, Mrs. Benson would intimate to her acquaintance the wish to form a party that should assemble weekly at her house, with a disposition to find amusement without the aid of cards. Every lady was to employ herself according to

the taste which would have directed her at home, except in the case of books, which it was stipulated were to be perused aloud, for the benefit of the society, by each visitor alternately; and as few of the male sex found amusement in attending these *rational evenings*, they were, in return, but seldom considered as acquisitions to the party.

A Mr. Simper, who was what is called a lady's man, once preferred a request, through Miss Tattle, to become a visitor at Mrs. Benson's. He was accordingly admitted; but the poor creature soon found he was out of his proper element: for here was no opportunity to display the manœuvres of *les doux yeux*, the tender squeeze, or fulsome compliment.

As soon as the tea equipage was removed, and the ladies were arranging their employments for the even-

ing, the good hostess addressed Mr. Simper, and informed him, "It was a custom in her little parties for one of the ladies to read aloud some part of the evening: now, as they had all otherwise engaged themselves, out of compliment to him, she hoped he would, in return, oblige *them*, by continuing the subject of their last lecture."

"Ma'am!" stammered Mr. Simper, "I—should be happy to—to oblige you—but—indeed, ma'am, reading *does not agree with me!*" (he coughed, and the ladies all smiled; indeed some of them went so far as to venture on an ill-concealed titter). "Perhaps then" resumed the old lady, "as you are an amateur of music, you will add your mite to our entertainment on the Piano Forté?" at this second attack Mr. Simper was ready to sink: had the universe been at his



command, he would have bartered it, to escape from this oblique catechism of his acquirements.

The truth was, that Mr. Simper had picked up a few technical phrases, of which he occasionally made use; and as he frequented the operas when in town, and was a supporter of the subscription concerts, he considered himself quite *au fait*, to decide upon the merits of all candidates for fame. But Simper's eulogy seldom extended itself beyond " Her attitudes are unique;" " She is a St. Cecilia at the harp;" " Her voice is exquisite;" or other phrases equally common-place and trifling.

To Mrs. Benson's second attack, having at length a little recovered himself, he replied, with a mortified grin, that shewed his teeth, on whose whiteness he particularly piqued himself " that he never played, but

always left that to the *ladies*; as he was then at liberty to bestow on them his undivided attention:" (bowing). "Why then, Simper," said Miss Tat-tle, "since you are neither *useful* nor *ornamental*, what business have you here?" Such a home question was unanswerable; and poor Simper having suffered the painful shame of defeat, soon took his leave.

It has been said that Miss Mortimer was engaged at Mrs. Benson's, where the loss of her company was always sensibly felt by the old lady, as well as by the generality of her visitors. The coffee had been detained half an hour beyond the usual time, and numberless conjectures were afloat as to the cause of her absence, when, as Mrs. Benson was upon the point of ringing for the servant to make inquiry after her, Clarissa entered the room.

“ My dear child,” said Mrs. Benson, “ where have you been? how pale you look! what has happened to you? is your mother ill?” Clarissa, alive to the latter question, pressed her friend’s hand, and “ thanked her for the inquiry, but her mother was quite well. She had been alarmed, she confessed, at witnessing an accident that might have terminated fatally; but she hoped that now there was no cause for apprehension.” She then proceeded to relate her adventure on the Down, and Mrs. Benson shuddered at her daring temerity, in flying down the cliff to the straggler’s rescue! while the young ladies assailed Clarissa all at once with inquiries—“ Is he young? is he handsome? did he break a leg, or an arm?”

“ How INTERESTING you must have looked,” said Miss Tattle, with a satirical sneer, “ when you were holding

the smelling bottle to his nose." The manner in which this simple phrase was uttered, made the idea so ridiculous, that it caused a smile on the countenances of her young companions; but she shrunk abashed from the silent and indignant glance of Miss Mortimer, who, turning to Mrs. Benson, apologized for not being able to stop with her that evening; and as her mother had been so much alarmed at her long absence, she must unavoidably devote the rest of it to her service, in order to convince her that she was alive and unhurt. "To-morrow," she said to the young ladies, "your questions will be answered respecting this unlucky straggler; and if you *have* hearts, prepare to lose them, as he proposes to be at the ball in the evening, and, no doubt, armed for conquest."

The remainder of the evening

passed in a very dull manner; so sensibly does the departure of a long cherished object affect us, that we dare not trust ourselves to be pleased with the present chances for enjoyment, lest they should obliterate the remembrance of that which has eluded our grasp; or, at least, subtract something from its merits.

Mrs. Benson, who had observed the insinuation of Miss Tattle, and Clarrissa's look of reproof, with concern, apprehended that it might be the prelude to hostility on the part of the former lady, as it was well known she had the talent of being excessively ill-natured.



## CHAP. II.

“ ’Tis care, corrosive care, perpetual gloom,  
O’erhangs the atmosphere of riper years,  
Unfitting us for bliss, sable and sad.”

BIDLAKE.

THE evening of the ball arrived, and promised but few pleasures to Miss Mortimer. Her mother was discontented, and repining at her daughter’s absence for a few hours; intimating the suspicion that anxiety to meet the straggler was the cause of Clarissa’s wish to attend her friends to the ball-room.

“ My dear mother,” said Clarissa,  
“ I am sure the only wish I feel is to give you pleasure; and had you signified earlier, that you would rather

have me at home, I would readily have relinquished my engagement; but unless you will furnish me with a sufficient reason for an apology, I am afraid I shall not be able to make any." Observing her mother look distressed, she smilingly threw off the shawl which was wrapped round her, in expectation of a summons to the party, and said, "See! I am even now at your disposal!"

"No!" answered Mrs. Mortimer, with some little asperity, "I have no design to abridge the few pleasures it is in your power to enjoy; or to be canvassed over by the gossips at the Wells, as an ill-natured, fretful mother! It is my anxiety for your real comfort, my dear child, that impels me to wish you were not going to this ball. I confess I have apprehensions respecting the events of the evening, that I cannot conceal; and

should my sweet Clarissa imbibe a passion for the gentleman to whom she so romantically became useful—there is no answering for the result. He may be a *swindler! a black-leg! an IRISH FORTUNE HUNTER!!*”

The old lady had attained the climax of terrific comparisons; and being somewhat exhausted by her zeal in the argument, gave her daughter opportunity to reply.

“Why, mamma!” said the young lady, “you seem very industriously to have conjured up some tremendous obstacles to happiness, even of the transient nature this poor ball may afford. And as you see *so many* evils in the prospect, I will certainly dissolve the spell by declining to go. And I am sure I may safely say, dear mamma, that you are very nervous to-night; and Mrs. Cummings and all the party will freely forgive my rudeness.”

Mrs. Mortimer declared there should not be any excuse made; but Clarissa slipped out of the room, and dispatched a servant with a message to Mrs. Cummings; and then returning to the parlour, she found her mother pensively musing, while the silent tear trickled down her cheek.

Miss Mortimer hastened to bring the cribbage board, and challenged her mother to a rubber. "What stake d'ye play for?" said Mrs. Mortimer, rousing herself; "for payment of the new bonnet I ordered to-day." Ah! thought Mrs. Mortimer, I am justified, I see, in my fears; this new bonnet is intended as an auxiliar to conquest.

In an interval between the games, Miss Mortimer addressed her mother in these words: "But, mamma, why do you infer that the straggler of the cliff may be one or other of those

odious characters you have just now named? I think if you were to see him, your opinion would very soon vary; and then you would acknowledge your injustice, as eagerly as you now condemn him. Are there any *outward marks*, by which one may know those objects of terror, swindlers and black-legs? And as for your latter description, dear mother, I am sure he is not of *that* class, for he has not the least of the *brogue*; and besides—I have no fortune to tempt his speculating arts!”

“ True my dear,” said Mrs. Mortimer, “ but the pleasure of conquest will sometimes supersede the principal concern of those fluttering geniuses, who attend places of fashionable resort: and to be in estimation with a young woman, who is eminent for either beauty—wealth—or

talent, is highly favorable to their purpose, since it makes them known, and introduces them to general society. The very public manner, in which this gentleman intruded on your notice, and the unequivocal display of that humanity, which characterizes my Clarissa, would draw upon you such particular observation, as would be very distressing to your feelings, I am well assured; and the confusion natural to a modest and retired young woman, might be misconstrued by the invidious, into a rising passion for an object unknown—unrecommended,—save, as an *accidental object* of suffering."

During this harangue, Clarissa's heart had sustained many palpitations; not from conviction of the justness of her mother's remarks concerning the interest the straggler's merits of



might excite in her bosom—but by contrasting the picture *she had drawn* with that which held its seat next her heart. However, she thought it a justice due to the unknown, to palliate her mother's objections—she therefore replied, in an animated tone—“ O mamma, you are too much prejudiced against a certain class of people (I wont say *who*) to view this formidable gentleman in a proper light ; but if you were just to enter a little more into society, I am sure you would not find, in the circumstance in question, any trace of swindling, or fortune-hunting.

“ My dear,” said Mrs. Mortimer, “ I am sick of the society you recommend me to mix with, and shall never be happy till I return to our quiet cottage again ; and as for the disadvantages of a casual acquaint-

ance (as this straggler may be to you) I will evidence it, in the histories of two of my juvenile friends.

“ Charlotte and Maria St. Hilliard were two of the finest young women the town of S—— could boast of. Their parents had both died when they were infants, and left them to the care of a maiden aunt, the sister of Mrs. St. Hilliard. The good lady took every possible care to improve their minds; and in order to polish their manners, and fit them for the sphere they were to move in, she procured the best masters their neighbourhood afforded.

“ As her sanguine wishes were crowned with success by the acknowledged merits of the objects of her care, Mrs. Martyr (for she assumed the matronly appellation as soon as she took upon herself the *office*,) con-

ceiving that her pupils would be more likely to respect her instructions than if she still bore the title of Miss, introduced them to Lady Dawson, under whose sanction she wished they should appear in public.

“ As the said lady had grown-up daughters of her own, she did not much care whether the Miss St. Hilliards danced or not ; whether they accepted chance partners, or waited for the etiquette of an introduction by the master of the ceremonies.

“ Unfortunately Mrs. Martyr was (like myself) condemned to suffer inflictions that prevented her accompanying her darling charge into public : and on one of Lady Dawson’s *very indifferent* evenings, there appeared in the ball-room two strangers of most prepossessing appearance and elegant manners.

“ The Miss St. Hilliards were standing a little apart from the Dawson group, who were busily employed in chattering with some young men who they hoped would engage them for partners; when, after carelessly throwing their eyes over the party, the strangers’ regards were fixed upon my friends.

“ Instantly pressing forwards, the gentlemen bowed with great politeness, and asked the favour of their hands for the first and second sets. Their acquiescence occasioned the beaux to introduce each other, and to engage themselves as alternate partners—Maria first danced with Capt. Clifford, and her sister with Col. St. Ormond. Nothing could be pleasanter than their partners, who recommended themselves by every

winning attention, likely to impose upon such artless characters.

“ After a few interviews, Capt. Clifford told Maria that he was a very near relation and next heir to Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, in Devonshire. That the family estate was situate only a very short distance from the town ; and consisted of one of the finest parks, well stocked with deer—and well wooded, and a noble mansion-house, of which he should despise the possession, if she did not consent to share it with him. At the same time, the Colonel was telling Charlotte that his property all lay in the north of Ireland ! was extremely valuable, and contiguous to the much-boasted beauties of Lough Neagh. That at present an active life was allotted to him, from duty as well as choice : and if she thought

herself courageous enough to carry a knapsack, and follow the drum, he would be her faithful guide, and security from danger.

“ The poor girls heads were completely turned by these flattering prospects ; and as the lovers made themselves extremely agreeable to Mrs. Martyr, by the propriety of their demeanor, she consented to the union of both her nieces ; and the same day saw them bound in golden fetters. The bridal party set off for London in two post-chaises ; and as the ladies could not endure to be separated for the first time in their lives now that they were *so very* happy, it was agreed they should take a handsome ready-furnished house in Dover Street.

“ After two or three weeks had been spent in escorting them to the



different theatres and concerts in the metropolis, the youthful brides and their kind aunt were left to seek amusement for themselves, as the husbands excused their further attendance, on the plea of business, and regimental duty at the War-office.

“ At length these absences were protracted for two and three days, and sometimes an entire week would elapse ere they returned to their unhappy wives, who, weeping in each others arms, would ask what they had done to merit such severe unkindness ?

“ Mrs. Martyr began now to suspect that she had consented too precipitately to the marriage of her nieces ; and to alleviate her self-reproof, determined on questioning the gentlemen on the motives of their

estrangement, the first time they returned home. But a fatal conviction soon offered itself: in the Morning Post the following paragraph met their astonished eyes.

“ Yesterday at a notorious gaming house at the west end of the town, a person, in appearance a gentleman, was detected in the act of *cogging the dice*, at a game of hazard; and having lost and won considerable sums since he had frequented the house, an inquiry was made relative to him—when it was discovered that, like his other impositions, he had *cogged* a false name, and called himself Capt. Clifford, presumptive heir to the Lord of Chudleigh. He was immediately secured, and taken to Marlborough Street, where, not being able to find security, he was committed under the vagrant act. No doubt

is entertained, but his final destination will be to Botany Bay."

Miss Mortimer was here extremely afflicted, and entreated her mother to spare the further elucidation of Miss St. Hilliards' history till another opportunity; but Mrs. Mortimer thought it best to continue, while the impression was warm, and therefore objected to delay, saying, she should herself be glad when the story was told, that she might forget it.

" Maria was generally the first to see the newspaper; and as she perused it, her friends perceived her countenance change, to the hue of suffocation—her eyes distended—and her whole frame convulsed! The paper dropped from her hand; and with a violent and horrid shriek, nature burst its bonds, and the spirit of

this hapless victim fled to that region which passeth all understanding.

“ The disconsolate Mrs. Martyr and her surviving niece were conveyed senseless to their beds. Medical aid was sent for, and after some time, the old lady was restored to a perfect comprehension of her loss—but the unhappy Mrs. St. Ormond’s grief continued to baffle all the skill of her attendants for many weeks, during which time St. Ormond had now and then called, to make inquiry after the invalids.

“ One day that Mrs. Martyr, exhausted by the fatigue of watching by poor Charlotte, had retired early to rest, St. Ormond came home, and telling the servants that he was obliged to go to Ireland on immediate business of importance, he would

take all the plate away, and leave it at his banker's during his absence, lest, as there was no ostensible master, the house should be robbed. Accordingly, packing all the property of the sort that he could find, he placed it in a hackney coach, into which he stepped also, and reached Gracechurch Street just as the Holyhead mail was setting off. His package was quickly stowed in the boot, and with a beating heart, he left London quickly behind him.

“ When Mrs. Martyr awoke, judge of her increased distress on the intelligence she received. Her income was very limited, and insufficient to London expences: therefore, with the concurrence of the physicians, she returned by slow journeys to S—— with the once blooming, but now deserted wife of the specious St. Or-

mond, who was (poor creature) stupidly insensible to the calamities which thickened around her. Mrs. Martyr's health daily declined, and her annuity died with her. The poor girls' fortunes were gone! and what but a workhouse could be the portion of Charlotte St. Ormond, when death deprived her of her only friend?

"But from this last earthly resource of the wretched, she had the happiness to see Mrs. St. Ormond exempted through the humane interference of an old school-fellow of her father's, who, on his arrival from the East Indies, eagerly inquired for his friend, and learning the unhappy history of the family, hastened to succour them.

"He invested a sum of money in the funds for the use of Mrs. St. Ormond, and appointed a worthy wo-



man to the care of her, who, since the decease of Mrs. Martyr (which took place soon after these regulations, has supplied the offices of nurse and parent, to the sad object of her care.

“ I will not detain you longer my child, said Mrs. Mortimer, than to acquaint you that *Clifford* received the condemnation predicted in the *Morning Post*; various charges having been laid against him by tradesmen, for obtaining goods under false pretences. He died on his voyage to New Holland!—St. Ormond continued in Ireland, where he carried on his trade of gaming for some time with great success, until stung by an unexpected turn of fortune, he desperately put a period to his life.

“ And now I will dismiss you my beloved *Clarissa*, (with my fervent

blessing) to the safe repose of innocence; and believe, that in the example and advice I have given to thee, thy mother “was cruel, only to be kind.”

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### CHAP. III.

“ Joy lights on hoary age, as doth the sun  
On frozen climes: lo! youth congenial comes  
Gay as the morn, on Summer flow’rs then made  
More sweet by what it feeds: or as the touch  
Of sportive zephyr on th’ Æolian harp,  
That, wakes, and catches melody at once.”

BIDLAKE.

WHEN Clarissa retired to her apartment, she certainly reflected very much upon the story she had heard; and which occupied a great portion of those hours, formerly devoted to sleep: and was surprised that her

mother should think it necessary to impose so much caution on an interview that might probably never take place. She was fully sensible that her mother was influenced only by the desire to make her happy: but then, how seldom were the old and the young agreed, as to what constituted happiness!—To the straggler, and his fancied dangerous attractions she was *now*, and ever should be, indifferent. The image of Edmund Lambert opposed too formidable an ægis, for any possible merits of any other pretender to find entrance to her heart; which, as well as her person, should be reserved for him, let the period of their meeting again be ever so distant.

The history of Edmund Lambert was not uncommon. He was a foundling, cast upon the mercy of the Rev.

Thomas Everard, vicar of the parish in which Mrs. Mortimer resided. When this respectable man found his unexpected visitant tied up to the knocker of his door, in a wicker basket, on a dark night, in the month of October, he appeared to be about three weeks old. A letter, and a plentiful supply of infant habiliments also accompanied him.

The letter was brief, and written in a hand totally unknown to the minister. “ It stated the wish of the parent who consigned the baby to this reverend gentleman’s care, that he might be educated in a style, to fit him for one of the liberal professions : for which purpose a bank bill of 1000*l.* was inclosed, with the assurance, that a similar sum was deposited in the hands of Messrs. C—— and Co. bankers—in trust for him,

until he attained his fourteenth year; when further instructions would be given relative to his future designation. He had been already christened by the names before cited."

Such an event occurring in the obscure village of C—— caused great consternation; and loud outcries from almost every class of inhabitants, proclaimed their disapprobation of the inhumanity of Edmund's parent. But his fosterer pondered so much, and was so silent on the subject, that notwithstanding his age, and sacred profession, the gossips concluded "*that he knew more about it than he cared to own; that the letter was a good blind,*" and so on.

However, in spite of his dubious parentage, Edmund grew from infancy to adolescence, great in the favour of his patron and the muses. By

the former he was carefully instructed how with most advantage to sue their favour, and in return, he received the rich reward of his application, in a plentiful store of well digested learning.

In the mean time, the ladies, Mortimer and Benson, with their dear charge, sought the peaceful solitude of C——. In a neat cottage, somewhat bordering on elegance, their days passed unmarked by any grand event, except the anniversary of Clarissa's birth, and that of the adoption of young Edmund.

As the reverend tutor had been long disused to the French language, Mrs. Benson kindly undertook to assimilate the young people in that study; and Edmund's natural taste for drawing was also improved by the same preceptor—so that by the



time he had attained his fourteenth year, he was as highly accomplished a youth as any parent could desire to see.

But the period for the further discovery of his origin passed unnoticed: his tutor had informed him of the possibility that, at that period, he might be withdrawn from his care, but forbore to pain him with the narrative of his early introduction, conceiving it possible that his relatives might have serious reasons for concealment.

For two succeeding years Edmund's mind was continually the prey of hope, or fear. His attention to his studies was unremitted, and sweetly rewarded by the animated smile, and conscious blush of the youthful *Clarissa*, when his tutor expatiated on

the advantages he might hereafter reap from his present seclusion.

The reader is aware from Miss Mortimer's past soliloquy, that she *had a heart*, but that it was affianced to the youth above described. Their friends were perfectly aware of the affection subsisting between them, but withheld their knowledge of it; Mrs. Mortimer determining not to notice the youth's partiality for her daughter until an eclairsissement had taken place respecting his connections, and his future destination made known.

At length the fearful silence of Edmund's unknown parent was explained, but his birth still enveloped in mystery. The Reverend Thomas Everard, friend of the *deserted infant*, was presented by the parent with a handsome sum of money, and re-

requested to conduct the youth to the house of Messrs. C—— and Co. where he would be informed of his intended establishment :—an unexpected detention in a far distant country, had produced the ambiguous silence of the writer ; and the tutor, and his charge, were requested to commence their journey without delay. This letter, as well as the former, was without a signature.

While the elders were forming the most extraordinary conjectures upon the relationship subsisting between Edmund, and the letter-writer—the youthful friends were exchanging vows of inviolable constancy. “ I wish we knew what profession you are designed for, Edmund,” said Miss Mortimer. “ Perhaps I am to be in the church,” he replied, “ and then I shall be happy ! I can anticipate

the very pretty vicarage-house, and fruitful glebe, and the white cottages scattered around, and my Clarissa feeding and clothing their poor inhabitants. Oh! it shall be a joyous day for them when we take possession."

Then with a more thoughtful countenance, he continued to hope "that he was not to be in the *law*, for he was very sure he should never attain eminence in the profession. His taste did not lead him to study the glorious intricacies that made the professor thrive while his client starved—nor could he waste his elocutionary talents in pleading at the *bar* with Belial art—"to make the worse appear the better cause." You know my dear Clarissa, he added, "that I am never unnecessarily severe upon any subject: and I shall always hallow the

names of C— and D— who unite to great professional merit, liberal and honest feelings ; but I am afraid my dislike to the law proceeds from some intimate though unknown connexion between me and this necessary evil.”

“ Oh ! but if you should be a soldier, Edmund, and sent abroad !” said the anxious girl, while the tears of real distress bathed her cheeks.

“ Aye !” replied the youthful lover, “ thou hast indeed, Chimera, conjured up a host of terrors for us ! My sweet girl will be for ever dwelling upon the dying image of her lover—while he is distracting himself with doubts of her constancy, even when “ he seeks the bubble reputation in the cannon’s mouth.” O war, war ! would that thy tumult was ended !—that every man’s spear was turned into a ploughshare, and my

abiding place, where thy frightful din “should never reach me more.”

Clarissa's grief was extreme at her lover picturing her so probably faithless ; and in order to obtain the reinstatement of her blissful smiles, he promised to have his miniature taken by the first artist in town, and to send it with a long letter when his tutor returned to C——.

Who that has felt her anger, or reluctance, overcome by some innocent stratagem that surprised her into forgiveness?—Who that has experienced the delight of having her most sanguine wish anticipated, by the object dearest to her heart—can marvel at the feelings of our youthful pair, when this promise was rendered sacred by the “*seal of affection*?” Where one disapproves the assertion, a thousand will agree with them—

that coincidence of sentiment, makes the charm and cement of love !

We will pass over the parting scene between these youthful lovers, and conduct Lambert and his tutor to the house to which they were directed in London ; and where he hoped to meet, or at least to hear, who were his parents. He was shocked and mortified however, to receive as a substitute, a letter dictated with great caution, so as to leave it still in doubt whether it was penned by father, mother, or friend : neither did the intelligence of his designed fortune better please him. He was not allowed a *choice* of professions, as he sometimes hoped would be the case—but commanded to equip himself, with all expedition, for a voyage to the East Indies, in which country a very lucrative situation was open for him ;



and as the fleet would sail in a few days, the smallest delay might be materially injurious to his future prospects. The endeavour to discover his origin he was informed would be vain and useless—but that every care had been taken to secure an independency for him, in the event of a foreign climate proving prejudicial to his health. In which case, he was ordered to signify his return to Messrs. C. and Co.

Now all was bustle and preparation; and the amiable Lambert had scarcely time to think of the arbitrary mandate that banished him from all that had hitherto constituted his happiness ! however, he contrived to steal a few hours to sit for his portrait, which he transmitted to his mistress, accompanied by the following lines.

Go envied picture, Clara's breast adorn,  
Of innocence and peace the blest retreat ;  
Tell her, that Edmund's heart for her alone  
Shall pant, till every pulse has ceas'd to beat.

And while afar on the rude ocean toss'd,  
Still, still behind, his lingering hopes remain,  
Morpheus, the sov'reign soother of despair,  
O'er him shall shed his opiate balm in vain.

Then dearest Clara, idol of my soul !  
While sighing swains unnumber'd round thee bow,  
Wilt thou be deaf to every flattering tale,  
Nor yet forget thy solemn parting vow ?

And wilt thou on my image cast thine eye,  
And say, " No Edmund ! none but thee I'll love !  
Though fate now parts us, yet a power on high,  
Our mutual faith has register'd above !"

Ah yes ! my dear Clarissa's angel mind  
Bids me dispel such vain unworthy fear ;  
Oh ! she is all that's lovely, faithful, kind,  
Heaven's purest emblem in this nether sphere !

The worthy vicar received the  
presentation to one of the lord chan-

cellor's livings ; and at length, with the intelligence of Lambert's departure, and his own preferment, he returned to C—, where he continued to reside for two years, in the strictest friendship with the Mortimer family.

A cessation of correspondence having occurred on the part of Lambert, which involved his mistress in great distress, it was proposed by Mrs. Benson, to visit Clifton, and try the effect of change of scene, on the desponding mind of her darling. And this plan was rendered further eligible, by the necessary absence, for a long period, of their worthy minister, who was about to exchange duty with the curate of his new possession ; and in order to amuse his young friend on her journey, he presented her with the following impromptu, as

the carriage stopped at his gate on  
their way to Bristol.

Say dearest Clara, would'st thou go  
Before thy friend could see thy face?  
Must he give up the pleasing joy  
Of giving thee a last embrace?

Retard thy wheels, O swift machine,  
And duteous stand before my view!  
The wheels obey; and Clara's hand  
Benignly waves a long adieu!

Go lovely nymph, and store a mind,  
(Already rich in attic wealth,)  
With pleasing images; nor fail  
To renovate thy wasted health.

Sabina! Goddess of the spring,  
Indulge me in this ardent prayer,  
Take from distress th' envenom'd sting,  
And Clara shall be free as air.

The nymph returns with views enlarg'd,  
Her sense refin'd, her mind improv'd;  
Unsullied by the venal town,  
By dissipated joys unmov'd.

Nor does she boast of what she saw,  
No airs affected Clara knows ;  
The nymph returns much better lov'd,  
For with her years, her genius grows.

The success of the trial answered the most sanguine wishes of her friends, and Clarissa was once more become the object of their admiration and delight ; when the event occurred which introduced her to an acquaintance with the straggler, or (as he will in future be called) Mr. Glenrose.

## C H A P. IV.

“Naked in nothing should a woman be,  
But veil her very wit with modesty;  
Let man discover, let not her display,  
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

What's female beauty but an air divine,  
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine,  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between,  
The body charms because the soul is seen.”

YOUNG.

ON the evening of the ball, at about the hour of eight, Glenrose's servant announced Mr. Nugent. The gentlemen were mutually pleased at the visit, and after quaffing plentiful bumpers to the health of Miss Mortimer, they adjourned to the ball-room.

On their entrance, a murmur ran through the room of "*that is he !*" "*which ?*" "*A surprising escape,*" &c. &c. Miss Tattle, whose tall figure towered considerably above her companions, strained her long neck, and talked aloud, in the hope of attracting attention ; but the eyes of both gentlemen were directed round the room, in search of an individual object which they could not discover. Mr. Nugent supposed, that as their view of Miss Mortimer had been very slight, they possibly might not recognise her in a different habiliment ; and therefore, in order to avoid the chance of *looking at her*, without *seeing* her, proposed to walk round and take an accurate survey of the ladies, so that if Miss Mortimer was not amongst them, they might at least be



remunerated by a choice of partners for the next set.

In Mr. Glenrose's opinion, he could find no substitute for Miss Mortimer; and was inexpressibly mortified to perceive she was not at the ball. Mr. Nugent had introduced his new acquaintance to several of his friends, who warmly congratulated him on his safety; and Nugent having chosen a very pretty girl for his partner, urged Glenrose to follow his example.

The hero feeling picqued at the absence of Miss Mortimer, which he construed into coquetry, determined to foil her, as he supposed, with her own weapons; and although much disinclined to dance, and still suffering from the effects of his fall, was conducted by the master of the ceremonies to Miss Tattle, who *kindly*

condescended to honour him with her hand, “ *because he was a stranger, and on that account she would banish her reluctance to the dance.*”

But Miss Tattle, who was very well known to the old attendants at the ball, as being one of the *worst dancers* that ever attempted to exhibit in public, was always purposely left till the last, and often to sit neglected entire evenings, unless, as in the present case, an actual stranger was introduced as a partner: she then endeavoured to make him amends by the volubility of her tongue, for the lead in her heels. The vain and trifling, like herself, found amusement from her choice of subjects, and the keenness of her satire—since detraction carries with it an irresistible charm to weak minds; and in the most extensive latitude of daub-

ing characters, lay the *forte* of Maria Tattle.

Her oratorical powers were exerted to no purpose on Mr. Glenrose. Alike unheeded was the unmeaning stare of her large dark eye, and alike unheeded was the *squeeze of the hand*, by which she sought to gain attention, further than to inspire her partner with the belief, that women were all hypocrites ; since Miss Mortimer played the coquette—and his gawky partner, who, he saw in good society, felt inclined to a more unequivocal part.

Miss Tattle had made reflections on the superiorly handsome person of Mr. Glenrose, and considered that to be assistant in a case of such extreme danger as his had been, was really a “*very interesting*” circumstance : and had the good fortune

been hers, instead of Miss Mortimer's, she entertained no doubt, but the heart of her partner would have submitted to her various claims to pre-eminence.

It is sometimes fortunate to have a good opinion of one's self; since it elucidates many difficulties that otherwise might clog our progress through life! Miss Tattle, however, was never impeded by trifles; and decorum, to which she seldom attended, was jostled out of her vocabulary, the instant she discovered it was likely to interfere with any of her darings. The unobtrusive and modest or as (Miss Tattle called her, the insipid) Clarissa Mortimer, stood no chance, she conceived, against her important self, in the heart of Mr. Glenrose: and fully assured of her conquest, in

spite of his reserve, she invited him to visit at her house.

Mr. Glenrose, with much courtly suavity, thanked her for the honor conferred on him; but added, that his stay at Clifton depended on circumstances which he was fearful might prevent his acceptance of her invitation. Miss Tattle, however, nothing daunted by his rejection of her first proposal, seconded it, as he led her to her chair. Glenrose bowed in silent disgust; and fully determined, if it was ever his fortune to meet with such a heroine again, first to make inquiry, *if she was given to squeezing.*

In his promenade on the following morning, Mr. Glenrose met with Clarissa; who was going to make her accustomed call at Mrs. Benson's. After compliments of salutation had

been exchanged, Glenrose expressed his regret at Miss Mortimer's absence from the ball: assuring her, that nothing but the hope of meeting, and obtaining a proper introduction to her, would have induced him to leave his room that evening. He continued to deplore his misfortune in such warm terms, that Miss Mortimer anxiously quickened her pace, in order to get rid of him, at Mrs. Benson's door—when, just as he was imploring her not to withdraw that compassionate kindness, which had induced her, with so much hazard, to rescue him from death! and to learn from himself, that his name was——

“Glenrose!” said a voice in loud accent behind them—and on turning to perceive the speaker, Mr. Nugent presented himself. Seizing the hand of Miss Mortimer, he congratulated

himself on the good fortune which led him that morning to resolve on delivering letters of introduction to her friend Mrs. Benson, whither he hoped she was also going.

Clarissa smiled, and asked how he knew that Mrs. Benson was her friend? —The beaux then entered into the particulars of the ball, with the merits of their respective partners. Mr. Nugent had inquired of his lively companion, respecting Mrs. Benson, and learnt with great pleasure, that she was not only conspicuous on her own account, but for the more youthful and brilliant attractions of her adopted daughter.

“And must I *really* take my leave?” said Glenrose, as they stopped at Mrs. Benson’s door. He looked imploringly at Miss Mortimer, who replied, “that more preliminaries were



requisite, than a chance knowledge of his name, to introduce him at Mrs. Benson's :” but she good humouredly added, “ your friend may possibly soon possess the ability to do you so great a favour.” “ With that hope then,” said Glenrose, “ I must be content. Happy ! privileged Nugent ! how I envy you !”

Mrs. Benson received Mr. Nugent with much politeness, and gave him a general invitation to her house, saying, if he could consent to pass a few hours in female society *only*, she would expect him to take his coffee with her and Miss Mortimer on that evening. The gentleman joyfully accepted the invitation, and took his leave, exulting in the superiority he possessed over Mr. Glenrose.

“ Your mother must join us, my dear Clarissa,” said Mrs. Benson, “ so

while she is obeying my summons to dinner, I command you to render me an account of your last night's pleasures."—"Of my *disappointments*," replied she, and then related all that passed between her and her mother.

Mrs. Benson felt very much vexed that her darling had been debarred from an amusement she not only delighted, but excelled in. However, she commended the ready and cheerful manner with which Clarissa always complied to her mother's wishes: "and be assured my dear Clarissa," she added, "that the sweetest recompense an affectionate parent can receive, for years of anxious care, is, in the dutiful obedience of her children."

Mrs. Mortimer was not very well pleased to hear that Mrs. Benson's visitor was the friend of Mr. Glen-

rose; had she been aware of this introduction, the good lady certainly would have pleaded illness, or some other cause to avoid it:—as it was, she could not parry the possible chances of a further acquaintance; so by assuming the resolution, not to mortify her friend by the constraint of her deportment, she succeeded in conquering it. Clarissa's charming voice, and sweet toned harp, were powerful assistants to soothe the warring spirit to rest; and by the time Mr. Nugent arrived, the ladies were equally sedulous to amuse him.

The unaffected graces of Miss Mortimer, penetrated the hitherto careless heart of Mr. Nugent; and although the impression was not deep enough to counteract the art of Glenrose, when he afterwards made him the instrument of his design on Miss

Mortimer, yet Nugent thought she was certainly some divinity that condescended to visit *terra firma*; “for sure no mortal mixture of *earth’s* mould,” e’er possessed such variety of enchantments as the fair Clarissa.

Mr. Nugent escorted the ladies to their lodging; and Mrs. Mortimer, though she foresaw the acquaintance might produce the effect she was so anxious to avoid, namely, the introduction of Mr. Glenrose—yet, in compliment to her friend, gave Nugent an invitation to call on her.

## CHAP. V.

“Who’d be a slave?” the gallant colonel cries,  
While love of glory sparkles in his eyes.  
To deathless fame, he loudly pleads his right,  
Just is his title—for he will not fight.  
But when indulging on the last campaign,  
His lofty terms climb o’er the heaps of slain:  
He gives the foes he slew at each vain word,  
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.”

YOUNG.

“TIME flies with uncommon celebrity when I am with you,” said Mr. Glenrose one day to Clarissa, who had, according to Mrs. Mortimer’s prediction, been introduced to the friendly trio by Mr. Nugent.

“You egregiously mistake his power,” replied she, “had you any object in pursuit, or business to fulfil,

you would then find that time did not keep pace with your wishes. The days are scarcely long enough for my different arrangements, although I rise with the lark; and be advised by me to seek some laudable employ, that shall prevent your *wasting* time in idle compliments, that merely “play round the head.”—Clifton, and its neighbourhood, afford some wonderfully fine scenes for the display of genius and taste. The one I believe you to possess, and” with a smile, she added, “I will give you credit for the other; so as you design well, pray don’t be sparing of your sketches.”

“*I do indeed design well* lovely Clarissa,” said Glenrose, taking her hand, and at the same time, bending one knee to the ground—“and pardon my presumption in attempting

the possession of your heart. May I flatter myself," he continued in a tone of insinuating softness, "that you are not quite indifferent to that which suits for your acceptance?" Miss Mortimer was abashed by this sudden avowal; but recovering her natural ease, requested him to rise from that humble posture, and never again torture her advice into a subject so *mal-a-propos*. Mrs. Mortimer's entrance at that moment prevented any farther conversation on the subject, and Glenrose soon departed.

The first time Nugent and Glenrose met, after the former had spent the evening at Mrs. Benson's, he recapitulated all that had passed there; and warmly commented on the attractions of Clarissa, and the golden opportunity he possessed of frequently meeting with her, and his hope of



improving this advantage, into a reciprocal attachment; and Glenrose who had readily supposed it impossible that *his idol* could ever be regarded with indifference, saw in Nugent a formidable rival, likely to succeed from the knowledge Mrs. Benson possessed of his family and connexions: he, therefore, essayed by every means in his power to render his company so acceptable to Nugent, as in fine, to produce the much desired introduction.

Arrived at the acmé of his wishes, by obtaining access to the houses of the female trio, Glenrose never suffered a day to pass without repairing thither; and in order to afford a plausible pretext for his visits, he was constantly on the watch for Clarissa when she took her morning walk to Mrs. Benson's, or anticipated her by

calling on the good lady, to whom his visits were always acceptable, because the moments unoccupied in the praises of her darling Miss Mortimer, were spent on the part of Glenrose, in delineating the manners and customs of foreign countries, and some domestic relations of his own.

He had partly learnt the history of Mrs. Benson, and the early loss of her husband from Nugent, and determined by a grand *ruse de guerre*, to make his advantage of that knowledge. He, therefore, persuaded her, “ that he had been a volunteer in the regiment with Major Benson ; and that once when the said gallant officer was surrounded by a party of the enemy, *he* made his way through them ; and at the moment the Major was unhorsed, and thrown lifeless on the ground, he bestrid his corse, and

by the aid of his trusty claymore,\* put their enemies all to the rout."

Mrs. Benson, although till now ignorant of the above circumstance, gave it implicit credit, and considered, that in the hurry of making up dispatches, that relation might easily be omitted—particularly, as the Major did not survive the battle alluded to. The martial air of Glenrose—his majestic figure—and ready conversation in all points connected with military affairs, were strong indications of his having borne a commission; though at the period of our history he only added plain Mr. to his name.

"What might be the cause of your leaving the army?" asked Mrs. Benson.

"One"—replied Glenrose, "that is not unusual in my profession; the

\* The broad sword of the Highlanders.

want of interest ! In the engagement in which my lamented Major fell, I lost several of my comrades, by which means I obtained an ensign's commission. Promotion followed in a short time—but here I was at a stand for many years; and the want of money to purchase on, gave me daily the mortification to see raw unexperienced youths supersede the dignity of merit.—In disgust I threw up my commission, and returning to my native wilds in the North, found myself, by the death of an uncle, possessed of a valuable property.

“ After roving from place to place without interest for many years past, I have learned, since I came this summer to Clifton, that it is in the power of a fellow being to render me happy. Your enchanting protégée, Miss Mortimer, engrosses all my thoughts. I

would solicit you to interpose in my behalf, if I dared to hope that the conflicts endured by me for her sake, gave me worth sufficient to obtain your favour."

Mrs. Benson replied to this artful statement, as may be expected from her fondness of Clarissa, and devotion to her deceased husband, for whose preserver she thought it not unbecoming to interest herself; and therefore promised him all fair chances of winning Miss Mortimer's affection: but when her mother was made acquainted with the engagement, she required Mr. Glenrose's dismissal from their society.

Less duped by his sophistry than her friend, she could not be at ease until Glenrose was fairly chassé from the side of Miss Mortimer, during the residue of her stay at Clifton; or she

averred, that contrary to her wish, she would depart immediately for C— although at the risk of disoblighing her friend.

When Glenrose was informed of the severe displeasure of Mrs. Mortimer, in consequence of which he should be prevented openly pursuing his design upon Clarissa, he resolved on piquing both the old and young lady, by shewing them, that much as he admired Clarissa Mortimer, yet he could find consolation with another: and, accordingly, he returned the attentions of Miss Tattle, whose advancement to the honor she at present enjoyed, had been obtained at the usual expense of delicacy.

Various billets had reached the hand of Glenrose; some were affectionate—some reproachful—containing appointments which he never

fulfilled, until debarred the society of Clarissa. At length, when the following epistle was conveyed to him, he determined on attending to it, in order to while away the hours that must necessarily exclude him from obtaining even a transient glance at her angelic face. The letter alluded to ran thus :

“ Say, too fascinating Glenrose, what impels me again to solicit an interview, in spite of the scorn to which I cannot but attribute your neglect ? There is surely necromancy in it : and your eyes, like the basilisk’s, wound unto death !

“ I perceive I have a rival : and a fatal discovery *shall it be for her*, if you fail to attend this appointment, to meet me in the Redland Road this evening. The beams of Cynthia’s light diffuse as bright a radiance *now*,



as when Endymion caught her admiring gaze on the heights of Latmos !

“ The more I think, the more I feel my pain,  
And learn the more each heavenly charm to  
prize,  
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,  
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.”  
M. T.

By publicly attending Miss Tattle, Glenrose conceived he should effect a deeper interest with Clarissa, by exciting a few jealous fears in her bosom. Misled, therefore, by vanity, he obeyed the summons of his correspondent, and after a circuitous walk, in which he swore innumerable oaths of fidelity to this fond lady, they came to Mrs. Benson's gate.

The elder ladies were seated in the veranda, in the full enjoyment of the evening : the extensive view which

gratified the eye, as the distant sail glided beneath the woods of St. Vincent, and the moon-beams brilliantly sparkled on the flowing tide; while beneath—the Well-house, and the white cottages contiguous, contrasted simplicity with grandeur. While they sought those visual beauties, their minds were charmed by the suitable melody of Miss Mortimer's voice and harp; and who was, for the first time, favoring her partial audience with a wild and plaintive measure of her own composition adapted to Collins's elegant Ode to Evening.

As soon as Glenrose and Miss Tatle came to this envied spot, the latter loudly saluted the ladies with inquiries after their health? Glenrose silently bowed; but directed his eyes to whence the sound of the harp

proceeded, and where, by the side of the enchanting musician, he beheld the formidable and admiring Nugent. Clarissa, however, pursued the air, apparently lost in her subject ; alike unheeding the soft whispers of her beau, or the vociferous efforts of Miss Tattle, to distract the attention of Glenrose.

Nugent availed himself of the opportunity Glenrose's forced absence afforded him, to make a proposal of marriage to Miss Mortimer ; and when he found his suit unsuccessful, he began to suspect that Glenrose had been beforehand with him, and secured the prize. He impatiently taxed her with having accepted his rival ; and her blushes he thought spoke conviction ! In vain did Clarissa tell him, " that it was quite unnecessary to enter into an explanation of any

conferences she might have held with Mr. Glenrose; that she esteemed them both, and should be happy to consider them always as her friends."

"This is a very poor evasion Miss Mortimer," said Nugent, "and since you do not chuse to be *more explicit*, I shall demand it of Mr. Glenrose; and invidious and artful as he may be, rest assured he shall not escape my resentment."

Miss Mortimer, very much terrified at the threats Mr. Nugent was so lavish of, sought to conceal her emotion, under an attempt at raillery: but she was a novice in deception, and unable long to sustain her part, burst into tears.

When Nugent beheld her so much affected, he expressed the deepest contrition, and implored her to overlook the offence he had been guilty

of, and attribute it solely to the effervescence of a passion that could not brook a rival :”—but he secretly vowed vengeance against Glenrose, and resolved to watch him narrowly ; and in the mean time to renew his offer, through the medium of Mrs. Mortimer.

The good lady however would not afford him any encouragement ; but told him, “ that as she depended upon Clarissa’s never giving her a son-in-law that was obnoxious to her, so she would never presume to influence her choice—though it would give her great pleasure to see that choice take the direction of her mother’s wishes ; but she desired him not to suffer the check he received from her, to deprive them of his company, during their continuance

at Clifton," and determined to make that but a very short one.

Having informed Mrs. Benson of this new interruption to their domestic amusements, it was agreed to arrange their affairs as speedily as possible for a return to C——; and in order to compliment Clarissa, Mrs. Benson issued cards of invitation to a gypsy party at St. Vincent's rocks, and to finish the evening with a rustic ball, and refreshments at the tea-garden at Rood-ashton.

The invitations were eagerly accepted; and as each young lady was desired to provide herself with a *beau*, Miss Tattle took especial care to secure Mr. Glenrose in good time.

## CHAP. VI.

“ We are sometimes wounded before we see the shaft; and in the flowery path we tread with most delight, lurks the serpent that will sting us.”

HEWLETT.

NOTHING could exceed the beauty of the day chosen for the festive scene, and the party were all profuse in their acknowledgments to the donor, for her attention to their pleasures. Miss Tattle kept Glenrose constantly attached to her during the whole day, for she was his walking shadow, and until the ladies quitted the dinner circle, *she* never quitted *him*.

His eyes, however, continually wandered towards the mistress of his



heart. When she sang, or spoke to any of the party, never did attention lean more earnestly towards a favourite object, than did Glenrose to the accents of Miss Mortimer. He was equally watched by Miss Tattle, and Mr. Nugent, the latter of whom kept a *Cerberian* guard over Clarissa, and with angry glances, sent off every gentleman that addressed her, so that it was whispered throughout the party, that Nugent had offered himself in marriage to Miss Mortimer, and *that it was a settled thing*, soon to take place.

Having exhausted every epithet of admiration on the delights of *gypsy-ing*, a new source of pleasure opened on our gay party when they arrived at Rood-ashton. The grass-plot had recently been cut, and rolled into velvet smoothness, of which the edge

was embellished here and there by dwarf bushes of roses, woodbine, and lilac. To the bower which graced the encircling path, and which was amply covered with jessamine, was added an awning large enough to accommodate all the company. The sylvan statue which had long occupied his station on the top of the bower, was now decorated with flowers; and from the hand depended a fluttering streamer, which waved its party-coloured folds around him.

Never was so gay an exhibition seen in this sweet village, nor so lovely a nymph to crown a festival, as Clarissa Mortimer! Take a description of her, copied from a letter of Mr. Glenrose to a friend.

“ Her stature is *pêtit*e, but perfectly graceful. The contour of her face oval; to which a soft, long blue

eye gives a pensive character. Her mouth is the emblem of an opening rose bud, and a *very, very small* patch, just touching the carnation of her upper lip, adds a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* that is undescribable. Her pearly teeth—her light hair in Sapphic derangement, with a throat that in beauty of shape is rivalled by none but the Medicean Venus, faintly pictures Miss Mortimer! This assemblage of charms was aided on the present occasion by the most extreme simplicity of attire. A fine cambric dress fitted to her shape, was lightly ornamented with a wreath of real ivy. A green ribbon environed her waist, with a coral clasp—her necklace and bracelets of the same.”

Mrs. Benson had, unknown to either of her friends, caused the harp to be conveyed to Ashton; it was care-

fully concealed till the party had quitted the bower, when Mrs. Benson, removing the cover, struck a few chords to rouse attention. "Oh dear Miss Mortimer," said the girls all at once, "how kind to order your harp!" "Indeed, I knew nothing of it," returned Clarissa, "and am sure it will be a pity to lose any time in listening to me when we can employ it so well by dancing:" however, she did not hesitate longer to comply with the united wishes of her friends; and the harp being drawn out, she gracefully bent over it, and after a prelude of considerable execution, gave them the ode before alluded to.

A pause of a moment succeeded the close of the piece; and Glenrose who held in his hand a branch of beautiful Provence roses, formed them into a wreath, and advancing, placed

it on the summit of the harp! His example was soon followed by the other gentlemen, who reiterated their thanks to the lovely musician for this unexpected treat.

It had been determined by the senior ladies, that there should not be a change of partners, by which means Glenrose would be prevented from dancing with Clarissa; but this arrangement was obliged to be dispensed with, as all the beaux were anxious to obtain that honour, which, after the first set, Nugent, who had accompanied her, was obliged to resign.

With the utmost willingness could he have shot every man through the head, as he succeeded to the pleasure wrested from *him*; and a temper naturally generous and unsuspecting,

was changed in a moment by the influence of the subtle deity into quite contrary passions. And having seen Glenrose engaged in some trifling detail with the good natured Mr. Simper, just before the proposition for a change was made, he instantly fancied that Glenrose had made use of the other, as the instrument to forward his views; therefore, against the latter his resentment was principally kindled.

Having left the party for a short time, in order to avoid the jeers of his companions, on his being "*thrown out*," he observed, on his rejoining them, the man he had now began to hate, triumphantly lead Miss Mortimer to a seat, and as he placed himself beside her, Glenrose presented a beautiful fresh gathered rose, repeat-

ing, at the same time, those delicate stanzas of Waller, which he appropriated to his own case.

Go lovely rose !  
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me  
 That now she knows ;  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired,  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die !—that she  
 The common fate of all things rare,  
 May read in thee,  
 How small a part of time they share,  
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

As Nugent was near enough to hear this address, as well as to see the impassioned looks of his rival, he furiously addressed him, saying, he should expect him to answer for his



duplicity, in making *him* the tool of his designs on Miss Mortimer, after he had explained the interest she had acquired over his (Nugent's) heart. "He does not love you Miss Mortimer, or he could not calmly flirt in your absence with another woman, as he has done with Maria Tattle! and by heavens, sir! I require you to give me immediate satisfaction."

Glenrose, who perceived the agitation this discourse had thrown Miss Mortimer into, and the probable confusion which might ensue, coolly desired Nugent not to disturb the lady's peace, by discussing the subject at that time—but to depend upon having his revenge hereafter. "O, never! never!" faintly articulated our heroine, and fell senseless into the arm which Glenrose extended to support her.

The above conversation having taken place at a distance from the rest of the party, who were all engaged in dancing, they were, consequently, ignorant of the cause of Clarissa's illness; and, with her anxious parent and friend, readily enough attributed it to the effect of her great exertions during the day. She was accordingly soon removed, in a state of perfect insensibility, to her own lodging, amidst the tears and sobs of the poor old ladies, who almost feared she never would recover! So quick does sorrow tread in pleasure's path!

After some hours, the effect of volatiles applied by friendly assiduity, were crowned with success. On opening her languid eyes, the invalid gazed wildly around, and a faint remembrance of the past recurring, she

screamed aloud, "O! part them, or he'll die!"—This anxiety was inexplicable to her mother, and Mrs. Benson—but they conjectured it to be caused by Glenrose, and for the present forbore to question her on the subject.

The fête being thus unexpectedly terminated, the late jocund party pursued their route homeward. Nugent's absence was observed, and attributed to his attention to Miss Mortimer, but Glenrose thought otherwise, and escorted Miss Tattle in silence, too marked to escape her observation. She said, and did all that was in her power to awaken his companionable qualities, but vain was the effort. However, to lull the suspicions raised in her bosom, of his being in any manner connected with the cause of Clarissa's indisposition, he now and

then addressed her as his “*dear Maria,*” and tenderly pressed her yielding hand to his lips.

On arriving at his lodging, Glenrose’s servant put a note into his hand, which he found to be from Nugent, it was as follows: “Mr. Nugent feels himself injured by the conduct of Mr. Glenrose, in meanly taking advantage of the confidence placed in him by the former, and by insinuating himself into the affections of Miss Mortimer, he supplants the man who had given him the voluntary assurance of possessing a warm regard for that lady. As no man shall ever injure Nugent with impunity, he requires Mr. Glenrose to defend himself against his just resentment, and to meet him with sword or pistol, at five o’clock in the morning, on Clifton Down. Colonel Mar-

tin will accompany Mr. Nugent ; the presence of a friend will, therefore, be necessary on the part of Mr. Glenrose."

Glenrose was certainly a man of courage, but he had an instinctive dislike to duelling, and often expressed himself in warm and animated terms against the prevailing custom of resorting to weapons of war as a redress for private offences. "Can the sword or pistol," he would argue, "wipe off the stain inflicted by a faithless wife—a false friend—or an inconstant mistress?—Alas! no. In the bosom's deepest recess the wound still rankles; and in the midst of crowds, as in the depths of solitude, convinces the injured party of the fallacy of a custom so unjustly termed *honourable*."

With these notions, to be compelled to meet his furious antagonist,

was very mortifying to Glenrose, and especially as he imagined he should soon secure Miss Mortimer as his own—(interpreting her agitation at Nugent's address, and the complacency with which she listened to *his* discourse, as evident proofs of affection.) Towards Miss Tattle he was acting a more reprehensible part, and one that he could not justify to himself, though he endeavoured to screen his conduct beneath the sanction of her repeated advances, which he had termed *persecution*, until shut out from the society of Clarissa.

At Miss Tattle's urgent request, he had some time since obliged her with a written promise of marriage, but that was a trifle, and he had no fear of being cast in a court of justice, even should the fond lady ever sue him for redress:—however, on the

present occasion, he judged it necessary to settle his worldly concerns as well as he could;—and, amongst others, he wrote a parting letter to each of his mistresses, and then proceeded in search of a friend to accompany him to this undesired appointment.

A Mr. Hartley attended Glenrose to the ground as his second. The meeting took place upon the precise spot where these unhappy combatants first met. Nugent remarked it to his adversary, and said, that he had chosen that place to decide their contest in, because, where they had first met the object of contention, it was likely they would both prefer to resign their existence; while animated by the *delightful* remembrance of the scene acted on that evening. “Mr. Glenrose,” he tauntingly added, “can-



not but feel happy in the chance of blowing out the brains of that man who helped to save *his life*! So, come sir! order your second to measure the ground."

"Your insulting language," replied Glenrose, "will not lead me to act otherwise than I first intended. I insist upon it, gentlemen, that I have not acted an *unnatural* part in the affair which has caused this meeting. Every man is born to love, and free also to sue the object of his choice, without asking permission of that friend to whom, on other accounts, he may feel himself obliged. I publicly acknowledge, gentlemen, that Mr. Nugent was a very active instrument in saving my life; and that event which first introduced us to each other, gained the acquaintance of Miss Mortimer.—I have brought

both sword and pistol, in obedience to his command; but ere a choice is determined on, I will shew him how good a marksman I am."

Upon this, Glenrose placed his hat upon the point of a rock which projected from the hill, and retreating more than the given number of paces fired through it. The seconds interfered, and endeavoured to conciliate them; but Nugent unsheathing his sword, called on Glenrose to defend himself.

The event of the contest was in favour of the latter; and having disarmed, and severely wounded his antagonist, he retreated with his second to Clifton, while Nugent was conveyed by Colonel Martin, and some men whom he called to his assistance, to his lodging, where the wound being dressed, and not found very

dangerous ; we will leave him at present to repose, and pay a visit to the apartment of Miss Mortimer.

As soon as the lovely girl was able to recollect distinctly the origin of her distress, she entered into an explanation with her friends. Mrs. Mortimer's pride was hurt at the publicity that her daughter's indisposition might give to the pretensions of the rival beaux, and the great superiority which Glenrose possessed in every point over his competitor, made the old lady suspect the world would consider him to be the favoured one. She, therefore, told her daughter, and Mrs. Benson, that in order to crush all surmises that might otherwise ensue from the circumstance originating at Rood-Ashton, she had resolved on leaving Clifton the following morning.

The servants were instantly in full employ, collecting and carrying their travelling boxes from one house to the other ; when just as they happened to be all out of the way, (the ladies having given previous orders to be denied to all inquirers) Miss Tattle introduced herself.

“ Heavens ! Miss Mortimer,” exclaimed she, “ can you *live*, and be the cause of such a *rencontre* ? ”

“ What *rencontre* do you allude to,” said Clarissa, “ I have not heard of any ; ” while her heart, anticipating evil, “ beat high against her side.”

“ Why, you cannot surely pretend ignorance of the duel which Glenrose and Nugent have fought about you,” returned the lady ; “ the latter is *desperately* wounded, and poor Mr. Glenrose compelled to hide himself until

his fate is ascertained. I suppose you mean to comfort the wounded man by your presence?"

Poor Clarissa's varying colour indicated that she was not slightly affected at Miss Tattle's information; and the old ladies begged their visitor to excuse their further attendance, as they were engaged in preparing to leave Clifton.

"Aye!" said Miss Tattle, bursting into tears, "it is time to go, now you have done all the mischief you can! *Really*, Miss Mortimer, you have made some noise since you came to Clifton; first, by flying down a dangerous steep to Glenrose's rescue, and then nearly causing the sacrifice of his precious life!" Here her sobs were renewed with violence; and Mrs. Benson again entreating her to be composed, spoke of their departure,

and at length got rid of the enamoured fair.

“ Why should the observations of that silly forward girl affect you so much, my dear ? ” said Mrs. Benson. “ Every body sees that she is too distractedly fond of Mr. Glenrose, to imagine she would suffer an occurrence like the present to pass unnoticed ; and which, if you wore the guise of an angel, would not screen you from her stigma ! But you must exert yourself, my dear Clarissa, and be in better spirits, or your poor mother will continually reproach herself for having taken you to such a scene of temptation. ”

“ Nay ! ” said Clarissa, “ I have not been tempted to place my happiness out of the keeping of my dear mother and yourself—at least, I should say, I have not been *deluded* to do so.

The flattering attentions of Mr. Glenrose were certainly not unpleasing, though they were undesired ; and as I shall never see him again, the subject may as well be dropped."

Mrs. Benson sent her servant to inquire for Mr. Nugent, and before they retired to rest, had the satisfaction to hear he was out of all danger. The following morning saw them leave Clifton with very differing sensations. Mrs. Mortimer rejoiced at returning to C——; Mrs. Benson lamented the brevity of Clarissa's engagements—and our heroine herself, with a gentle sigh, secretly regretted that she did not know what was become of Glenrose.

But Miss Tattle was the charitable sprite that sought to pour consolation into his bosom during his necessary seclusion ! full of trembling agitation,

closely veiled, and wrapped in a dark riding coat, in the dimness of twilight, she approached the dwelling of Glenrose, and gently knocked. It was long ere the humble summons she thought proper to make was answered ; and during that time, she framed to herself the extatic pleasure of Glenrose at beholding her. When lo ! on the door being opened, in answer to her inquiry, she learnt that he had discharged his lodging, and left Clifton. Frantic with rage, her vows of love were now turned into deprecatory oaths of vengeance ! “ If I hear not from thee *soon* Glenrose,” said she, as turning from the door, she retraced her path homeward—“ If I hear not from thee *soon*, then will I seek *revenge* !—*Then* shalt thou feel,

“ Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
And hell no vengeance like a woman scorned.”



C H A P. VII.

“ Doubt that the sun is fire  
Doubt that the stars do move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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Doubt all things but my love.

SOME weeks had passed away, and our travellers had resumed their quiet employments at C——. The adventures of Clifton had ceased to be remembered; and Mrs. Mortimer again breathed, fearless of losing her Clarissa.

She was too sensible a woman, generally to adopt prejudices against conviction: but though Glenrose was an utter stranger, she from the first (as it has been observed) disapproved of his acquaintance; and sedu-

lously endeavoured to shun the evil, when it had crossed her path. This dislike was as plainly known to Glenrose as to herself; and it determined him, rather to bear patiently the affront of being refused admittance at Miss Mortimer's house, than by continuing his pursuit, to drive them thence, ere he had made sufficient interest in Clarissa's heart to induce her to elope with him.

On arriving at his lodging on the morning of the duel, he found a letter to which his immediate presence was demanded in reply. Mr. Hartley instantly advised him to quit the neighbourhood of Bristol until Nugent's wound was healed; and promised to give him frequent intimations of *his* health, and that of the Mortimer family. In consequence of this correspondence Glenrose learnt

that the latter had quitted Clifton the day after the duel: and that Maria Tattle was profuse in invective and scandal against all the parties. As soon, therefore, as he had arranged the business which called him from Clifton, he repaired to the vicinity of C——, where he contrived to gaze unseen on the object of his adoration.

The Mortimers being one day engaged to visit at a respectable farmer's, named Lockman, Clarissa set out very early in order to call in her way upon a poor cottager, for whom she had just finished some baby-linen against her approaching confinement. As she was about to cross a stile in the fields, a peasant on the other side offered his assistance. The voice was hoarse, but broken by an accent that startled her.

On looking at the man, she perceived in his endeavour to conceal

his face, a confusion equal to her own, and felt confident that he wore a disguise, designed perhaps for some very bad purpose. Her alarm was excessive; and she knew not which way to go, being equally remote from the cottage as her own house: however, thanking him, she pursued her way onward, while close at her heels kept the peasant, begging her not to be alarmed. At last, overcome with terror, on her reaching the next stile, Clarissa endeavoured, as it was a low one, to spring over it; but her feet failed her, and she fell exhausted on the ground. The peasant hurried towards her; and on his attempting to lift her, without regarding him, she just articulated “O spare me! spare me!” and fainted in his arms.

Distractedly he flew with his lifeless burthen to the rivulet which ran by the side of the hedge.—He bathed

her temples, and sprinkled her face with the water; he pressed her to his beating heart; he presumed to kiss that cheek whence he had so rudely chased the rosy tint! He called upon her by every endearing epithet to bless him with one more look;—to charm his ear again with the melodious sound of her voice! At that moment Clarissa awaking to recollection, beheld herself, not in the arms of a stranger, but one almost as terrific, since she was supported by Glenrose.

Hastily disengaging herself, Miss Mortimer thanked him for his humane interference, and asked “what was become of the man who had so much alarmed her?” Glenrose stammered out, “a hope that her terror had subsided, sufficiently to enable her to bear the sight of that dreaded

object again, without effecting a relapse ;” and she innocently assured him, “ that while he was with her, she should not be under any apprehension :” upon which Glenrose, taking from his pocket a red scratch wig, put it on his head, and pointing to the canvas frock which he had thrown amongst the bushes, asked “ how she found herself affected ?”

Indignant at his assuming this deceptive appearance, Clarissa in silence resumed her walk ; and Glenrose followed, apologizing for a disguise so foreign to his nature, but which necessity obliged him to assume, as the only security for the happiness of seeing her uncontrolled. That, for the last fortnight, he had watched her steps at a humble distance ; and would not then have presumed to intrude himself, had not a chance

which he hoped would be favourable, thrown him thus unexpectedly in her way.

Clarissa in great agitation told him that his pursuit of her would be fruitless! for that her mother's aversion from his addresses was so great, that she saw but little probability of his succeeding in his own character; and much less if she was ever to become acquainted with his disguise. She therefore entreated him to throw it off, and leave C—— immediately, lest he should be the means of involving her in a distressing contention with a parent whom she tenderly loved; and who might perhaps suspect her connivance at a frolic so unworthy of them both.

Glenrose regarded her with enthusiastic admiration, and was on the point of seizing her hand to press it

to his lips, when the cottager seeing Miss Mortimer approach, hastened to meet her. Glenrose awkwardly bowed, and assuming the gait of a clown, returned through the fields.

Let it not be suspected that with all her prudence Clarissa resisted the sigh that arose in her bosom—or the tear that started to her eye, as looking in astonishment after Glenrose, she contrasted his present appearance with that which he made on the day of the fête, or the fatal evening which first gave him to her view ! He had often exclaimed, that *she* was the cause of the *fall* he received, and which, now added to the concealment of his fine person, and his so recently staking it at the sword's edge for her sake, evidently proved that he had gained some interest in her bosom.

Ere he crossed the second field



Glenrose turned to survey the cottage, at the door of which still stood his contemplative Clarissa. For a moment he forgot his assumed character, and taking off his hat, gallantly kissed his hand; while Clarissa, vexed to be observed by him, entered the house, overcome with confusion.

Having listened to the poor woman's tale of symptoms with a distracted attention, she proceeded to farmer Lockman's, where Mrs. Mortimer and Mrs. Benson were already arrived, by another route. Her endeavour to be cheerful was so constrained, that her friends, alarmed lest she was unwittingly concealing an illness, out of tenderness to them, desired to shorten their visit: but Clarissa well knowing that the farmer and his wife would be mortified at losing their company, assumed the

resolution to sing that beautiful air of “ Zephyr, come thou playful minion.” After diffusing through this little circle, as much pleasure as *Grassini* or *Catalani*, ever inspired their hearers with, the farmer and his dame accompanied their visitors home: nor were they unattended of Glenrose, who followed their steps unseen.

On reaching her bed-room, the servant presented Clarissa with a letter which she said was brought in the course of the evening by a labourer; with a strict charge to her to deliver it into Miss Mortimer’s hand. Clarissa dismissed the attendant, and with a trembling hand broke the seal. It was long ere she could summon resolution to peruse the contents. And well she might hesitate, poor girl! for the letter was explanatory of Glen-

rose's long meditated plan of elopement; and couched in the following terms.

“ Dear apprehensive Miss Mortimer, suffer this paper to convey the fond regards of the man who languishes to pour out his whole soul at your feet; and to repeat his hope of pardon for the late alarm he occasioned you! Will not the writer of these lines create some small interest in your breast when he tells you, that such continued cruelty as is now practised towards him by your friends, will render desperate the wretch who lives only in the hope of seeing you?

“ What is the world, sweet Clarissa, to him for whom no human being breathes in unison? The grassy meadows—the fragrant gardens—the hand of nature and of art alike are vapid, if there lives not one bosom

inspired by sympathy? So joyless was my state until blessed with the sight of Miss Mortimer! Say, then, you will receive my vows;—that you will listen to the tale of love uttered by lips that never will deceive you!—that you will give existence a blessing!

“To part from you again, Clarissa, is impossible; and your mother’s objections are only to be overcome by *one* plan, which, I flatter myself, you will be prevailed on to adopt. Her affectionate forgiveness will soon follow, when she knows her Clarissa is irremediably *my wife*. Start not at a sound so dear, so valued to my ear! Clarissa my wife!—Yes, angel, I swear by thy purity, that none other shall gain the affections of Glenrose; and that I will not leave thee until thou consentest to be mine.

“To-morrow morning at six o’clock I shall be in the field at the end of the lane behind your house. Meet me there, beloved of my soul, and gratify my enraptured senses with the avowal of your consent. But if you fail to keep this appointment, I will rush into your mother’s presence and tear you from the bondage of that caprice which withholds you from me. Clarissa, thy lover is distracted! it is with you to sooth his aching breast.—Be not compassionate then to all but

“GLENROSE.”

“Cruel, cruel Glenrose!” said Clarissa, “how hard a task have you decreed me. No, my dear mother, your child never will desert you! never plant sorrow in the bosom of her who reared me with such indulgent fondness! But at the same time what can I say to this unreasonable

being, who will not take a denial even from myself?" Thus in perplexity and agitation was spent the night. Sleep visited not her pillow, and Clarissa arose with an aching head and fainting heart, to meet her lover.

When Miss Mortimer reached the place of appointment, Glenrose flew to her, and pressing her hand to his lips, broke into extravagant thanks for her kindness in meeting him: but desiring that he would in return, *now* attend to *her*, she stated the deprivation that her mother had received early in life, of every earthly solace except herself, whose duty and affection she had hitherto found unbounded. It was in vain, she said, to attempt subduing what she must confess appeared like prejudice in her mother, and violence would only irritate her still more: therefore, whatever might

be *her* sentiments on the occasion, she would submit them to her mother's guidance, and never be separated from her; and desiring to be excused a longer conversation, which could only tend to discomfort both parties, she was about to leave him, when Glenrose seizing her hand with violence, exclaimed " *You go not*, believe me, angelic Clarissa, until you have heard *my final resolve!* either instantly recal the fatal sentence which dooms me to despair, or (drawing a pistol from his pocket) behold the contents of *this instrument* scatter my brains at your feet. Never will I survive to see you the wife of another !"

" Oh Glenrose ! be not so barbarous !" replied Miss Mortimer ; " I will bind myself by the most solemn and sacred promise never to marry ;

but indeed I dare not offend my mother. Oh! put away that horrid pistol, or I shall go mad with terror! Indeed, Glenrose, I will see you again, but if I stay longer now, my mother will be uneasy."

"Clarissa!" he replied, with a sullen tone, "I am not to be trifled with. If you leave me without an *unconditional* promise of your hand, remember I hold the only remedy for grief in *mine*;" and, at these words, kneeling before her, he raised the pistol to a level with his head. Clarissa darted forwards and struck it out of his hand. In the action the pistol discharged itself; and the distressed girl fell lifeless and exhausted.

Glenrose catching her in his arms, bore her to the lane end, and with the assistance of his servant, placed her in a post-chaise which was there in



readiness ; and laying her head on his bosom, as fast as the horses could draw them, pursued the northern road.

## CHAP. VIII.

“ Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
 Between satiety and fierce desire.  
 Now what reward for all this grief and toil  
 But one ?—A female friend’s endearing smile  
 A tender smile, our sorrow’s only balm  
 And in life’s tempest the sad sailor’s calm.”

YOUNG.

WHEN Clarissa recovered from a long insensibility, she found herself supported by Glenrose, whose anxiety on her account was very great. For the shock she had sustained seemed to baffle the common remedies usually resorted to on such occasions ; and

with which he had provided himself, from the apprehension that the delicacy of Miss Mortimer's nerves might reduce her to a state of imbecility which would occasion surprise to the spectators, should they be compelled to stop upon the road.

Having regarded her lover for some time with fixed attention, Clarissa thus addressed him :

“ Mr. Glenrose, I have been examining your countenance to see if there were not some visible and extraordinary change in it, since I first knew you—but, alas ! those features still preserve their original character. Why are the cruel feelings of the heart concealed under forms and faces that invite our confidence? Mine has been most painfully deceived; but it is not yet too late to repair the injury. Restore me to my mother,

Glenrose, and I will bless you to the last hour of my existence!" Then taking his hand, she added, while the soft dew of filial piety moistened her cheek.—"Do, dear Glenrose, compassionate the unfortunate Clarissa, and if you ever loved her, give the proof she requires of you!"

"Be composed, my angel," returned Glenrose, "and dispel those traces of feeling which cut me to the soul. We shall soon reach the inn where we are to change horses; do not then cloud my joy at your recovery, by hinting at a subject that must inevitably give me acute anguish!"

"Restore me to my mother," said Miss Mortimer, "and then you shall see me cheerful; but *till then* do not expect that I shall cease to repine at the misery I have, alas! been the means of involving her in." Glen-

rose, however, was proof against all entreaty, and selfishly preferred his own gratification, to the happiness of his mistress. “Only, as *my wife*,” replied he, “shall Mrs. Mortimer ever see you again; so dry up your tears, my sweet Clarissa, and bless me with that look of contentment, which you seem so unnecessarily to have banished.”

Finding contention useless, and that she was completely in his power, Clarissa ceased to importune Glenrose. And in order to prevent her escaping from him, he made a point never to quit the carriage at the inns where they changed horses—but generally stopping at those small houses where the animals were baited; or alighting at some convenient spot on the road, he compelled his fellow-traveller to partake of those refreshments which

he had provided for their journey.

I am not, as the author of this narrative, allowed to say that Miss Mortimer wished to be separated *for ever* from Glenrose ! I rather think his persevering passion would have made that a difficult task—but she was earnestly desirous to unite those frequent oppositionists, love and duty ! It was too difficult a task, however, to be achieved by our Clarissa : her mother's commands she had never thought of disputing ; and her lover's desires she was equally anxious to comply with. Occupied by these contrasted sentiments, Miss Mortimer reached Gretna, and as the only chance of being restored to her mother, gave her hand to Glenrose.

The agitation and fatigue she had undergone, obliged them to delay re-

tracing their route for some days. At length the happy Glenrose and his beauteous bride reached York-house, Bath, from whence a messenger was dispatched to C——, with letters to Mrs. Mortimer and Mrs. Benson : and during this interval of suspense Glenrose endeavoured to amuse his Clarissa by shewing her all the curiosities of that elegant town. Although she was exceedingly reluctant, he took her to the upper rooms ; where, meeting with several of his former friends, Glenrose introduced his wife to them with an air of mingled pride and pleasure.

In the course of the evening Glenrose was enticed from his companion by a gentleman, who appeared to have great interest in the subject he conversed on. Clarissa felt much embarrassed at the awkward situation her husband's absence placed her in ;

but was soon relieved from it by the master of the ceremonies introducing a partner to her.

The vivacity, taste, and fashion, of this gentleman, whose name was Sylvester, much interested her, and she danced with a spirit more than usually elastic: and Glenrose, on his return, found her listening to the Bath beau with a pleasure that he deemed fit to be bestowed exclusively on himself. Accosting her with great gravity, he inquired “if she did not think herself still too much of an invalid to dance without injury?” “Oh no!” replied Clarissa, “I was so glad to exchange the embarrassment I felt on your leaving me, for the *shadow* of pleasure, that I became quite insensible to every thing else; and unless you wish to return home, I own, I should like to take a second dance!”

Glenrose bowed, and said he would be *obedient to her commands* ; but it was with a tone so much unlike his former gallantry, that Clarissa suspected the conversation he had held with his friend must have been very unpleasant, since it produced such a change in his manner towards her : she therefore resolved to relinquish the dance and her agreeable partner ; and telling Glenrose that she was ready to attend him, begged her chair might be called.

Mr. Sylvester implored her to abide by her first intention, and honor him with another dance : but she excused herself, by saying, that as she was uncertain how long she might remain in Bath, she was desirous to make the most of her time, and therefore must be a little cautious at present, having just emerged from a sick room."



Sylvester, who was quite smitten with her, having observed Glenrose take leave of a friend with whom he had been at this time conversing, at a little distance from Clarissa and him, walked up to him, and addressed the following queries :—

“ You appear to be acquainted with the lady I had the honour to dance with, sir?”

Glenrose stiffly answered by a bow.

“ Pray oblige me with her name ; for the master of the ceremonies speaks with his teeth shut, in such a *mimmini primmini* manner, that I could not distinctly hear what he called her?”

“ The lady’s name is Glenrose,” replied the other. “ She is an angel, by heaven !” exclaimed Sylvester.—“ Is she single?”

Glenrose smiled *awkwardly* as he answered.

“ Which is the happy man,” asked Sylvester. “ I am almost tempted to shoot him !”

“ He is bound to thank you for the intimation, however,” said Glenrose, as they drew nearer to Clarissa. “ Mrs. Glenrose,” he resumed “ your gallant partner, at the same moment that he panegyricizes you, threatens extinction to your husband: he has asked me to point him out ?”

“ Why, does he not know you ?” said Clarissa, with the most artless manner.

Glenrose having recovered his good humor, turned to Sylvester with a smile of conscious triumph, and asked if he thought they should meet on equal terms?

Sylvester felt very much abashed on reflecting how inconsiderately he had been making his remarks to an entire stranger, and apologized for the freedom; hoping, however, that it would not prove an impediment to their further acquaintance: and Glenrose, as he gave him his address, attempted to be jocular, and said, “ he should keep a sharp look out against his *deadly* stratagems”—and taking Clarissa’s arm, hurried her away.

The following morning, when they were seated at breakfast, Glenrose carelessly asked his wife, “ if she could lend him a few hundreds for present expenses, as their journey had run away with all his ready cash.”

“ My dear Glenrose,” replied Clarissa, “ I suppose you are not aware that my little fortune is absolutely tied up in such a manner, that we

cannot touch the principal?"—seeing him look rather grave, she added, "but with economy I should suppose we might manage to settle the little difficulties your liberality may have involved you in; and as a preliminary, do let us quit this expensive hotel."

"By my father's will," she continued, "I was to become fully possessed of the interest of my fortune at eighteen, or the day of marriage, but it is exclusively designed for mine; and" (with a modest blush, she added,) "for my children's benefit, without being subject to the controul of my husband. As you could not have heard any thing relating to my possessions when at Clifton, this little disappointment surely cannot affect you: and as soon as we hear from my mother, we can take the necessary

steps to have the transfer made into my name. Heigh-ho! I hope we shall hear to-day!"

"Well Clarissa!" said her husband, "since there is no remedy, we must make the best of it! but it is cursed unlucky though to be short of cash just at this time; however, as I have engaged two of my old friends to dine with us to-day, do order a tolerable dinner; and we will, in the mean time, walk out and look for lodgings."

Mrs. Glenrose was soon equipped, and attended by her husband, made the circuit of the most fashionable streets, and entered several of the lodging-houses, but they could not exactly agree where to fix. Those that Glenrose most approved, were deemed by Clarissa too expensive, after the complaint he had just made

of a want of money. At last they engaged for one week only in Gay Street; Clarissa fervently hoping that long before that time was expired, she should have a summons to her mother.

As they were sauntering in the Pump-room, they met Sylvester, who politely inquiring after the health of his partner, was desired by Glenrose to join him in the endeavour to raise her spirits, which were too much *il penseroso*, for her comfort! He should, therefore, press him into the service of his wife, and expect his company, with a few friends, at dinner.

The invitation was readily accepted, but it was not quite so easy to administer relief to the disturbed spirit of Clarissa, who felt a presentiment that something must be materially wrong at C——, or she would

have had an earlier answer to her letters.

The dinner party being assembled, consisted, besides their new acquaintance, of Captain Baldwin, and Mr. Fanmore. These were two dashing characters, that talked very largely of their hounds and horses—of Newmarket and St. James's: but as their discourse was confined to subjects in which *Clarissa* could not take any interest, she lent her attention the more readily to Mr. Sylvester, who was placed by Glenrose at her right hand, to assist in doing the honours of the table.

During a pause in his attention, *Clarissa* was impelled to listen to her highly accomplished husband, who appeared as much at home when conversing with these wild associates, as he used to do in whispering soft

nonsense to the Clifton belles; and she could not help reflecting (with a shudder that thrilled through her frame) that this admirable man, whose superiority over every other being, made him almost appear faultless—*she* could not esteem. And he was her husband! Oh horrible state! how much better to vegetate for ever in obscurity, than to elicit the regard of so complicate a creature as Glenrose.

The sigh which broke upon his ear, and the varying complexion of his wife, made Glenrose imagine she was ill; and concluding his discourse, which was very interesting to Mr. Fanmore, and respected the qualities, of some fine animals the latter had recently purchased—he tenderly begged her to withdraw, and hasten her recovery, as he should expect her to



accompany his friends to the theatre, and deputed Mr. Sylvester to lead her to the drawing room.

Glenrose apologized to his friends for Clarissa's indisposition, which he attributed to her fatigue in seeking for lodgings; and on Sylvester's return they *sat in*, to make the most of their time till coffee was ready. Amongst other subjects of discourse, that of Glenrose's marriage was introduced, and commented on. "Upon my soul," said Baldwin to him, "you are become quite a pattern husband! but pray how long is this assiduity to subsist?—for though I grant your wife to be every thing a man might wish for when he was *hampered*, yet we can't consent to lose you for ever!"

Mr. Fanmore, who had been making very plentiful libations during

the dinner, to the jolly deity Bacchus, said, "aye! she is a neat little filly to be sure; but remember Glenrose, if she goes too often on her knees, she wont sell so well when you get tired of her; so make haste and cure her of all her sentimental *grovelling* notions, and she may prove a lucky one to bring grist to your mill!"

"On my word, gentlemen," replied Glenrose, "you are very free with your opinions of my wife! but if you wish to preserve my friendship, you must restrain *now, and for ever*, all unlicensed remarks on her, or I shall find myself under the necessity to *compel* your silence."

"O!" said Baldwin, who was the soberer of the two, "don't heed what that stupid jockey says; to be sure, Fanmore knows rather more of the points of a *horse* than of a woman,

and little enough *that is* in all conscience.—And as for myself, my good fellow, I assure you I meant no offence by my remarks; though, if you are disposed for a *tilt*, Jack Baldwin is at your service.”

Mr. Sylvester who had been perfectly silent during the foregoing dialogue, now interfered; and perceiving that Glenrose, and his friends, were heated by the wine they had drank, proposed an adjournment to the drawing room.

“Aye! aye!” said Fanmore, “that milk and water puppy wants to come in for the prize I see, but it won’t do sir—*it won’t do* I tell you, for I’ll *outbid* you!”—and he arose from his seat, and staggered towards Sylvester, with his fist bent, intending to strike him; and, by the overweight which the fumes of wine pressed into his

stupid skull, he fell senseless on the ground:

“Holloa! holloa! waiter! house!” cried Baldwin, “carry off this dumb beast to his litter!” and telling Glenrose he should see him in the morning, reeled off to annoy the sober citizens; but the police soon laid hold of him, and as he attempted to be refractory, they carried him to the watch-house for the night.

Clarissa had been disturbed by the noise of the Bacchanals, and was on the point of ordering an attendant to announce coffee, when Glenrose and Sylvester entered the room. She saw the traces of displeasure on the countenance of her husband, and endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, by rallying both gentlemen on their ungallant conduct in keeping her so long wait-

ing; and Glenrose excused it, on account of Mr. Fanmore's rioting; therefore, as they should not see either of the absentees again, he proposed they should take their coffee, and quietly adjourn to the theatre.

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## CHAP. IX.

“ We ought to esteem our irregular appetites as foreigners. If our fortune be not extended to the larger measure of our wishes; it is easy to contract and adequate our wishes to our fortune.”

TURKISH SPY.

SOON after her removal to the lodging in Gay Street, Clarissa's messenger returned from C——. With

anxiety she seized the packet of which he was the bearer, and hastening to her own room, broke the seal.—Oh! what torturing suspense does an affectionate bosom endure, between the mere receipt, and the perusal of those lines which are to raise it to the pinnacle of happiness; or sink it to the abyss of misery! alternately fearing, yet hoping, that the wishes with which such bosom is agitated, may have met the kind reception their dutiful submission demands!

With a heart, therefore, tremblingly alive to the consideration that the perusal of the contents of the packet would satisfy her doubts, Clarissa dared not proceed to inspect it, so strong had been her opinion of an unfavourable issue to her request. In this conflicting agony she fervently prayed for fortitude to support her

under the dreaded evil of her mother's resentment.

With a desperate courage, she then inspected the only letter contained in the envelope ; and with transport discovered that her mother's anger was not *quite* as great as she had feared—for it did not extend to herself. The information was contained in a letter from Mrs. Benson.

“ C——, 7th Oct.

“ My very dear Clarissa will believe that none but the most urgent circumstances could withhold me at this moment from pressing her to my fond heart, instead of deputing a cold acknowledgment of the receipt of her letter, so unlike the feelings which impel me towards her ; but your mother, my dear, from whom I have never been a whole day absent

these fifteen years past, demands my first attention.

“ After this assurance, you will not be too much alarmed, I hope, at hearing that she is confined to her bed by indisposition. Dr. Tonic, for whom I sent immediately, assures me he has no apprehension of danger; and I think his prescriptions have already done her essential service: he sees that her complaint rests entirely on the nerves, and has ordered she should be kept perfectly quiet and composed. I have therefore the less reluctance to repeat her commands for my much-loved child.

“ Your mother bids me say, ‘ that such was ever her opinion of Glenrose, that the violence offered in forcibly bearing you from C—— has not in the least *increased* her dislike of him; and that having it now in



her power to shut her door against him, she thereby excludes him from her presence *for ever!*—but for her dear Clarissa, the innocent victim of violence and deception, she offers daily the most fervent aspirations to heaven, to take under its immediate care. She will not propose (she says) any temptation to make you swerve from the new obedience you are bound to pay to the man with whom you are united; but should the calamities which she dreads, assail her Clarissa, to a mother's arms let her fly to deplore them! and from a mother's tenderness she shall receive consolation! Here poor Clarissa's tears obliged her to desist for a long time from the further perusal, and were interrupted only by the blessings and thanks she uttered for this glimmer-

ing of comfort. Having a little recovered, she resumed the letter.

“ I am grieved I cannot add to your mother’s message, my sweet Clarissa, an invitation to C——, but you will see and admit the propriety of her motive.

“ And now let me offer you the sincerest hope of your finding as little alloy in a married life, as befel your mother and her friend ! Never were more faithful and affectionate husbands than we found those to whom duty, as well as choice, bound us : and surely he whose impetuous passions urge him to act compulsorily towards the woman he loves, is doubly called upon to recompense her for the loss of those tender connections from which he has torn her. My Clarissa, who has hitherto known in

the marriage state only *that love* which was impelled by duty ; will henceforward, I trust, experience the superior pleasures of *that duty* which is the offspring of *love*.

“ I will forward your boxes, harp, books, &c. by the waggon, according to your late address. I need not point out to my dear child, the expense that Glenrose will incur by living at an hotel : you will see the impropriety yourself, as soon as you have inspected the first week's account ; and assure yourself, that let a husband's income be ever so large, it is the absolute duty of a wife (who means to act as becomes the character) to regulate the household expenditure. Your memory, which is good, will, I dare say, serve you to recal the sentiments of your favourite Dr. Fordyce on this subject. ‘ No woman

in the world ought to think it beneath her to be an economist : it is a character truly respectable, in whatever station. To see that time which should be laid out in examining the accounts, regulating the operations, and watching over the interests of perhaps a numerous family—to see it lost, worse than lost, in visiting and gaming, ‘in chambering and wantonness,’ is shocking. It is so, let the incomes be as certain as considerable, or as immense as you will ; though, by the way, they are hardly ever so immense in reality, as they often appear. But where, on the contrary, they are both moderate and precarious, a conduct of this kind we have no words to stigmatize as it deserves.’

“ If I addressed a sermon to any *other* young woman, I should think an apology might be necessary for join-

ing a grave subject with matrimonial felicitations, but *my* Clarissa is another kind of person, and will accept the dictates of her friends sincerity with pleasure.

“ The copy of your father’s will, and other law-papers accompany this letter ; also a trifling gift to my dear child, which will, I hope, obviate any little inconveniences she may have been reduced to, in consequence of the unavoidable delay of her messenger ; whom I was unwilling to dispatch until I could add the intelligence, that your dear mother is much better. Rest satisfied in the assurance that I will seize every opportunity to expedite a meeting, that I know her heart pants for as much as yours does. In the mean time may contentment be the inmate of your bosom !

“ From your sincere friend,

“ C. BENSON.”

Glenrose, who had returned to the hotel, after placing his wife in possession of her lodging, was detained a considerable time by Capt. Baldwin, who called to apologize, and explain away the events of the preceding evening. He professed himself seriously sorry and ashamed of the improprieties attached to his conduct, and was commissioned on the part of Mr. Fanmore, to say, "that having been in treaty for some fine horses during the day, his mind was running so much on them, that he could not help associating the idea with every other subject." And though scarcely sober, Baldwin said he had sat off very early for Binager,\* in pursuit of the *jockey*, who would, he supposed, completely cozen him."

\* A famous horse-fair in Somersetshire.

Glenrose having received Capt. Baldwin's apology, returned to Gay Street, where he found the house quite in confusion. The landlady informed him, " that Mrs. Glenrose had been a considerable time shut in her apartment, after the messenger's arrival ; and being impatient for his discharge, she had gone to announce it to her. On finding her repeated notices unheeded, the landlady opened the door, and to her extreme consternation, beheld Mrs. Glenrose prostrate and motionless on the floor. With the aid of her servants she had lifted her on the bed, and sent for a surgeon, who was now with her, but his efforts had not yet proved successful to recover her."

This was a very humane good woman, and compassionated the grief and horror that took possession of

Glenrose at her melancholy relation. She therefore entreated him to walk into the parlour, and helping him to a glass of cordial, went in pursuit of further information of Mrs. Glenrose.

In a few minutes she returned with the happy news of Clarissa's recovery, and that having inquired for her husband, and being impatient to see him, the surgeon thought he had better go up to her, for a quiet mind was what the lady seemed most to require.

Glenrose obeyed the mandate with pleasure, and determined to devote the day entirely to his Clarissa. He was at no loss to account for her indisposition, when the mistress of the house repeated to him the messenger's impatience to be gone: and having paid his demand, Glenrose hastened to his wife's apartment. On perceiving that he looked very much



dismayed at her illness, Clarissa attempted to cheer him by a faint smile; and giving him her hand, “ begged he would not be alarmed, for that she had only fainted through surprise and pleasure, at perusing the letter of her dear mamma, Benson—though her *own mamma* was still very ill!” and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, which Glenrose had great difficulty to sooth, she at last became composed; and, supported in her husband’s arm, fell into a refreshing sleep.

We will now return to C—— at the period when Clarissa was found missing.

Mrs. Mortimer’s farm servant, on coming in to breakfast, gave a flaming account in the kitchen, of the “ *co-ach he zee’d, with vower harses,*

*all vleeing alang the lee-an as thof  
'twere druv by the ould un."*

The maid eagerly asked who was in it? but the honest countryman, who never carried more than one idea in his head at a time, could not solve the query: so, with this imperfect story, she was compelled to obey the summons to the breakfast parlour.

"Go and call my daughter," said Mrs. Mortimer, "she is late this morning."

"O ma'am," answered the girl, "Miss Clarissa has been out these two hours, and I dare say when she returns will be able to give us all the particulars of the wonderful sight John has been telling us of."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Benson.

On the repetition of John's intelli-

gence, the fatal coincidence of her daughter's absence, and the "*flying-coach*," struck on Mrs. Mortimer's heart. Instantly the servants were commanded to seek her in different directions; but they returned unsuccessfully, and in mute dismay the two old friends awaited the solution of their doubts.

Towards noon a country lad brought a note, which he said was given him by a gentleman who stopped his carriage for that express purpose: and he would have delivered it before, but some gravel having got into his shoe, had hurt his foot, and so prevented his quicker progress.

The note was from Glenrose: who had the compunction to think of the bitter distress in which Clarissa's absence would involve her mother and Mrs. Benson; and hastily tearing a

leaf from his pocket-book, scrawled a few lines to inform them that “ she was (although unconscious of her situation) safe in the protection of her adoring Glenrose.” His motive, too, was intended to be favourable to himself, as he knew nothing would conciliate Clarissa’s affection, and ensure her forgiveness, sooner than his apparent concern for her mother’s peace of mind.

Hope had imparted a few glimmerings to keep them alive until the arrival of this billet : but when the prospect of Clarissa’s return was so effectually forbidden, Mrs. Mortimer sunk beneath the stroke. She had no friend to pursue the trembling fugitive for her, and release her Clarissa from the grasp of the monster that had stabbed her mother’s peace ! The next day a fever confined her to her

bed, and which, from anxiety and solicitude, continued to rage with violence till the receipt of her “poor Clarissa’s” letter from Bath.

The morning sun beheld Clarissa perfectly restored, and she presented Glenrose with Mrs. Benson’s benefaction and the will, &c. Perceiving her hesitate about the letter, he smiled, and told her “he did not wish to pry into her secrets, as he would answer for it, the old ladies had not spared their censures of him; but, my dearest girl, if your mother has expressed a desire to see you, I will no longer prove the obstacle to impede it. You are mine by every sanctified rite, and however I may regret your absence, yet the conviction that you cannot be taken from me, will give me some consolation.”

“My dear Glenrose,” replied Cla-

rissa, “ I very readily avail myself of your refusal to read Mrs. Benson’s letter, and though the contents breathe undiminished affection for me; yet some allowance must be made for a parent’s warmth in a cause that militated so much against her wishes, as the union of Glenrose and her Clarissa. Therefore, to prevent a recurrence to so unpleasant a testimony, I will burn it at once.” Then placing the paper to her lips, she kissed it; and giving her hand to Glenrose, threw the letter in the fire.

Glenrose regarded this votive offering in silence; and then clasping her with fervour to his breast, swore “ she must be an angel, and *too good for him.*” “ Nay,” said she, “ you will make me *proud*, Glenrose, if you put such extravagant conclusions on a simple action: but I am disposed

to do more to prove my *entire dependence* on you ; and as my dear mother's health is amended, I will remain where I am a little while longer ; so suppose we walk to the music-shop, and select something new against my harp comes."

Glenrose acceded with renewed declarations of being unworthy such exalted goodness: but Clarissa playfully put her hand on his mouth, telling him, if he was not perfectly silent on that subject, she should be induced to suspect he was meditating some *serious confession* ; and, as she might not be disposed to act the *pardoning saint*, advised him to consider *well* what he was about to say, ere he next became loquacious."

In a few days, Clarissa addressed a dutiful and affectionate epistle to her

mother, and sent the following reply to Mrs. Benson.

“ Accept, my dear Mrs. Benson, the grateful thanks of a warm and affectionate heart, for the interest evinced in your last letter for the child of your adoption !

“ You will be pleased to hear that I am now quite well, although the hurry of travelling, to which the great agitation of my nerves may be in part attributed, produced on the receipt of your welcome letter, a severe indisposition: but I am able now to attend to all those concerns which interest me ; and have gladly embraced the opportunity of Glenrose’s absence, to write to my dear friends at C——

“ You would naturally conclude, if I spoke not of my husband, that I



was dissatisfied and unhappy ; I can safely, however, relieve myself from the burden of ingratitude, which such silence would imply, by assuring you that his attention and assiduity towards me, have not in the least relaxed ; and I still appear to possess as great charms as when he first beheld *Clarissa Mortimer*. Perhaps you will say ‘ these are early days for his passion to subside ! ’ true, my respected friend ; and that hereafter (should I have the mortification to perceive its fading influence) I may not be induced to relax from my duty as a wife, by comparing my husband’s conduct with what might have been that of another, I return to your care the silent and expressive effigy of the absent Edmund ! Of whom should you ever hear again, I trust to your

friendship to give me early information.

“I had anticipated your kind advice, and quitted the hotel for these lodgings, the very morning on which I received your letter. Depend upon it, I shall scrupulously adhere to every injunction it contains; and hope, before we leave Bath, you will favour your *Clarissa* with a visit of *inspection*; and see how well she endeavours to support the character of a *good wife*. Glenrose very generously proposed to me to pay my mother a visit; which I declined for the present, and have reaped the reward of such great self-denial, in the pleasure my *motives* seemed to impart.

“I am particular in relating to you, my best friend, all that concerns me. I would not offend my mother by

mentioning Glenrose, but leave it to your discretion, to inform her of as much of the contents of this letter as you think right. I am unwilling to part from you, my dear friend; but my paper warns me it is time. Adieu then! love always, and write often, to your affectionate

“CLARISSA GLENROSE.”

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## CHAP. X.

“The things of this world compose a perfect riddle, and life itself is but the shadow of a dream.”

TURKISH SPY.

IN this agreeable train, affairs had proceeded for a few months; when the receipt of a letter from Mr. Garble, a solicitor of Bristol, broke on

their quiet. He was employed by Miss Tattle to sue Glenrose for his breach of promise.

The rage and vexation of that lady, when she learnt, through the medium of the *Bristol Journal*, that her quondam lover had forcibly carried Miss Mortimer to the far-famed blacksmith's altar, is undescribable. Not Elvira herself could act the injured heroine with more effect. The turbulence of her passions laid her for some time on a sick bed: but the retarded vengeance, like a smothered flame, burnt the fiercer for this temporary restraint; and to grave the mortification still deeper on the innocent Clarissa, she dallied with her victim, until assured by some of her acquaintance, who had visited them in Bath, that Glenrose made an in-

comparable husband, and Clarissa was happy.

“ Now then is the time,” said she to Mr. Garble, with whom she had held frequent consultations—“ Now is the time to proceed against Glenrose ! Carry this cause for me, Garble, and you shall name your own reward.”

Garble, who had been the *man of business* for a great many years to the Tattle family, knew full well, that Maria was abounding (in the worldly sense of the phrase) in *good things*. That she had a long purse, and a long head (which, though not *always* successful in expedients, he might turn to account ;) a good house, and good furniture in it; he therefore thought the lady, as she desired to be married, could not do better than to take *him* as her husband. And could he but

prevail upon her to think the same, the family interest might elevate him to that portion of consequence in the city, of which he was ambitious, but wanted inherent capacity to attain.

Accordingly, with an obsequious bow he addressed his reply to Miss Tattle; hoping she would not frame any objections to his wish of securing a promise from her that should be binding: and since she was so tenacious of the failure of that given by Mr. Glenrose, he (taking pen and paper) scrawled a few lines indicating her unconditional consent "to any reward demanded by him, Thomas Garble, for carrying the cause into court, and supporting it to the best of his ability against Rodolph Glenrose, at the suit of Maria Tattle, spinster."

To this memorandum, having affixed her name in the presence of wit-

nesses, Garble attached great value, and the subscribing parties being withdrawn, he carefully locked up the paper, and, falling on his knees, thus resumed his discourse.

“ Most adorable lady ! look with an eye of compassion, I beseech thee, on the lowliness of thy slave. Long has my heart bounded to meet yours in the fullness of affection ; but despaired of attaining possession of such excellence till this happy day. Now may I proudly demand of my beloved Maria a return of affection ; and her hand in pledge, given in this ancient pile of St. Mary Radcliffe ! ”

O how Maria stormed and *looked* at her *man of business*, when he concluded his eloquent harangue. “ Thou hast entrapped me, thou hast ensnared me, base reptile ! ” said she, “ but thinkest thou my soul will ever stoop

to an alliance with *thine* ! No, no ! the woman who looked forward to match with a Glenrose, could ill agree to favour such worthlessness !”

“ Miss Maria !” coolly replied Garble, “ I am disposed to be your friend, and promote your views against Mr. Glenrose, to the utmost of my power. Proceedings are entered upon, according to your former instructions, and counsel fee’d. It will most become you, then, to submit quietly to the penalty of your agreement, or I shall be compelled, in my turn, to institute a process against *you*. Be wise, therefore, in your wrath, my charming fair, and name an early day to consummate my wishes ! We will keep our union secret until Glenrose is cast ; and the damages awarded by the jury will serve to discharge the expenses of bridal habiliments.”



Maria began now to perceive her case was desperate; and that her pretender was resolved to push his newly acquired fortune, "to the utmost bent." She, therefore, condescended by degrees to relax the rigidity of her temper, and after many efforts to temporize, was compelled to yield to the lawyer's arguments; and on the next morn she became the partner of her *man of business*.

When Glenrose received Garble's letter, his wife, who was present, saw that the contents had greatly ruffled him. "May I ask the nature of your displeasure, my dear Glenrose," said she; "I hope it does not proceed from any *serious cause*?" Glenrose affected a carelessness he did not exactly feel, and told her "it was merely the result of a Bristol frolic;

the object of which he had quite forgotten till so disagreeably reminded of it." Then desiring her to excuse his absence for an hour or two, he left her with a promise to give her further particulars when he returned from his walk.

The unbounded admiration with which Clarissa had been received in the different parties she frequented—the applause bestowed on her graceful figure and beautiful person, as she exhibited herself at the fancy balls—with her singular taste in dress which became none of her awkward imitators, kept alive the fervency of passion; while her diffident modesty in public, and cheerful and undeviating attention to the *comforts* of home, gained the perfect esteem of her husband.

He therefore lamented as he pur-

sued his way, the interruption this unlucky business was likely to prove to the peace of his Clarissa ; and was extremely happy when he found his solicitor at home : to whom, having related the transaction which gave occasion to the present suit, and received the assurance of his adversary's defeat, he returned with a brighter countenance to Gay Street, where, however, he had an awkward confession to make, of the subject of his late embarrassment ; and while with tears of regret she deplored his error, Clarissa could not help reverting to the indelicacy of Miss Tattle in publishing her unfortunate situation.

The additional notice which this unexpected trial drew upon our modest heroine, made her extremely anxious to quit Bath, and the high damages she anticipated, notwith-

standing Glenrose's assurance to the contrary, rendered seclusion desirable, as well as a more rigid economy, than she could possibly adopt in this emporium of fashion. But Glenrose grew impatient and angry at her doubts of Miss Tattle's defeat ; and obliged her to give up the plan of retirement till the fiat of the jury should be made known.

Seldom was the harp now heard to answer the sweet voice of the songster—seldom did the note of cheerful mirth sound in the apartments of Glenrose : he absented himself daily, on the plea of consulting his solicitor ; and Clarissa denying herself to all visitors, spent the melancholy hours in weeping over the baby-linen she employed herself to make for an expected heir to this world of trouble ! Still, however, when favoured

by her husband's company, did she endeavour to banish the traces of discontent from her cheek ; and carefully conceal from him, that the affection she had began to feel, had received a severe check from the discovery of his intimacy with Miss Tattle.

The day of trial at length came ; and Glenrose, accompanied by Clarissa and his solicitor, went over to Bristol. She would gladly have remained at her lodgings, but her husband's wish to dissipate at the instant of his triumph, the fears he saw she still harboured, over-ruled her objections.

The cause being called, the counsel for Miss Tattle, who was one of the most eminent on the circuit, opened it by stating—" The marked assiduity and attention of the defen-

dant towards his client : which, after much perseverance, had been rewarded by a return of kindness on her part. That grateful for the acknowledgment of affection his client had been induced to make ; the defendant had bound himself by a written promise never to marry any other woman. What, gentlemen," said the eloquent pleader, "*what* can fully compensate a woman whose tenderest feelings have been engaged by an assiduous lover, for the loss of that heart in which she gloried ? You are *all*, or perhaps many of you (turning to the jury) are parents ! — Think what would be your situation at beholding the blooming offspring you had anxiously reared, pining away her days in grief for her deserter !" (Here Mr. Garble was observed to hand a paper to the pleader, who,

smiling, resumed the argument,) “ And, gentlemen, surely I need not state to you, that a female unprotected by parental care, is doubly entitled to your commiseration. Damages, in this case, is but the smallest object it is my duty to point at for your serious reflection. The peace of an estimable individual is broken. Her prospects in life perhaps seriously injured—and shall the man who thus dared wantonly to trifle with her remain unpunished? Morality is endangered if you lightly consider the object of the present case. To preserve her code perfect, we must secure the most distant branches from infringement: and this case, gentlemen, weighs in my mind heavily in the scale of morals; since it is engendered by falsehood, the offspring of duplicity! I shall not encroach

longer upon your time, gentlemen, than to entreat you will maturely *consider*, before you make known your verdict upon the important cause which I have this day had the honour to lay before you."

At this the orator seated himself with the most complete sang-froid, amidst the murmured plaudits of his auditors : and the counsel engaged on the part of Glenrose, prepared to defend him.

Having addressed the court in a respectful and conciliatory manner, he expressed his hope, " that the minds of the jury were yet unbiassed by the arguments of his learned friend ; so that he might have little difficulty to convince them, that the defendant was not to be considered either in the light of an assiduous lover, the invader of domestic peace,



or the wanton subverter of brilliant expectations! Far from it, gentlemen! and I will, if you adjudge it necessary, produce *one*, out of many epistles, written by the fond plaintiff to my client, replete with expressions of anger and resentment at his neglect. I do not pretend to deny, that the plaintiff received a promise from the defendant, as an acknowledgment for the favors he received. Favors, gentlemen, *forced* upon him! and which few men would have had strength of mind to resist.

“ My client had addressed a very lovely young lady, whose mother was unconsenting to their union: and although seriously grieved at the disappointment of his hopes (yet such is the nature of man, I am free to confess it!) he listened with complacent attention to the *advances* of the

plaintiff, which finally led to the issue productive of this cause. I will not occupy your attention, gentlemen, further than to desire this written promise may be produced, in order that I may convince you it is *illegal*—and that the plaintiff must inevitably be nonsuited !”

Mr. Garble being applied to for the writing, was desired to give it to the foreman of the jury, which being complied with, the barrister proceeded thus. “ I entreat you, gentlemen, to inspect minutely the paper before you. Look at it with attention!—Is it well worded?—Has it the writer’s proper signature? Your bow is a sufficient answer: and the law expressly defines that such written promise shall be made in *black and white*. Gentlemen, you look astonished!—Is not the paper that was handed to

you of that legal complexion? If you reply in the negative, I trust you will patiently listen to the mode in which it was obtained.

“ The defendant, in obedience to the plaintiff’s desire, at the appointed time was conducted to her boudoir—that convenient scene of all fashionable arrangements. Not having any *ink* in her writing-desk ; and being anxious to secure the gentleman’s promise, resort was had to a closet in which the lady kept her *little medicines* and *cordials*. From thence she selected a bottle, containing some RED LAVENDER, and handed it to the defendant ; who, under the influence of *passion* and opportunity, made use of it for the purpose described ; and completed his rash engagement.”

Hereupon the opposite counsel started up, and said, “ that the *mean-*

*ing* and *intent* of the promise ought to be considered : and the happiness of individuals not frittered down to a dependance upon the *color* in which the words were *formed* : but upon *that* which they were meant to *represent*. To a man of honor the sacredness of this engagement would subsist in despite of the formalities which the law invented, and rogues rendered needful. And he trusted that in this singular case the feelings of the judge and jury would be so in unison, as to decide in favor of his client, according to the *meaning* of the words of the defendant."

Glenrose's counsel then rising, " again begged to trespass on the patience of the court a little longer. With all deference to the opinion of his learned friend, which regarded a point of morality merely, he would

desire those who were to decide in this cause, to consider that a revision of the law in question could not take place in that court, but must wait a higher award: and which, for the advantage of any other unfortunate female who might depend upon a lover's promise, he sincerely hoped would shortly be effected! But he said he had another argument to adduce in this remarkable case, which was, that the suit was carried on in a *wrong name*. The plaintiff having long resigned the name of *Tattle*, for one which, if it did not do her *more honor* than the former, certainly precluded her from the right to institute a suit like the present."

Mr. Garble being about to withdraw, the counsel before-mentioned desired to detain him to answer a few questions, which he thought it right

now to put, in order to prove to the court an assertion he had at first made, that the lady's prospects of obtaining a husband, was not injured by the breach of promise of Mr. Glenrose.

Then addressing Garble, he asked, "how long he had been acquainted with the plaintiff!"

*Ans.* About twelve years.

*Ques.* Was she not a woman of property?

*Ans.* Yes.

*Ques.* To whom does her property devolve in case of marriage?

*Ans.* Her husband.

*Ques.* When did she marry?

Mr. Garble was extremely confused; and the learned barrister saying he would spare him any further questions, called for John Holland: who being sworn, answered to the following queries.

*Qu.* You are clerk of the parish of St. Mary, Radcliffe?

*Ans.* Yes.

*Qu.* Have you held that situation any time?

*Ans.* Nearly three years.

*Qu.* Do you know Mr. Garble, a solicitor of this city?

*Ans.* Yes: he lives in St. Mary's parish.

*Qu.* How did he become known to you?

*Ans.* By my having been employed as a writer in his office.

*Qu.* Is he a married man?

*Ans.* Yes.

*Qu.* Whom did he marry, and where?

*Ans.* Maria Tattle, spinster, in the parish church of St. Mary, Radcliffe.

*Qu.* How long since did the marriage take place?

*Ans.* About three months since.

*Qu.* Have you a copy of the register?

*Ans.* Yes.

*Qu.* Were you present at the marriage?

*Ans.* No; in consequence of my being taken ill I could not attend my duty that day; so requested the sexton to officiate for me.

*Qu.* Was he not enjoined secrecy relative to this union?

*Ans.* I don't know: he did not tell me if he was.

The counsel for the plaintiff then asked:

*Qu.* How long have you quitted Mr. Garble's employ?

*Ans.* Twelve months.

*Qu.* Why did you leave him?

*Ans.* He told me he was in no further want of my services.



*Qu.* And pray what occasioned your mentioning this circumstance now ?

*Ans.* My brother is clerk to Mr. —, the defendant's solicitor, and when he called upon me, he mentioned the business that brought his master here : upon which I very naturally told him what had happened at St. Mary's, and he spoke of it to his master."

The judge now summed up the evidence on this case, in a very eloquent and impressive manner, not without a few reflections on the learned Mr. —'s want of proper information relative to the suit he was engaged in, and bestowed a severe reprimand upon Garble for his meanness and duplicity, assuring him that he would enter proceedings against

him, that his name might be struck off the Rolls.

A verdict being given in favor of the defendant, the suit was dismissed, and Mr. —— not being engaged in the next cause, followed poor Garble with the intention to annihilate him, and was about *to wring his nose*, when the restraining hand of a bye-stander arrested his purpose. This gentleman, who had been instructed in the case by Garble, was satisfied with simply hearing the *subject*, without investigating its evidence: in fact, he received the brief so short a time before he went into court, that he depended solely upon the authenticity of Garble's information, and the usual proceedings in similar cases.

The humbled lawyer slowly creeping to his wife, imparted their defeat.

The strong exclamations of “villain!” “rogue!” “dissembler!” were succeeded by convulsion fits; and Maria was carried to her bed, a melancholy instance of the effects of ill regulated passions.

As soon as Glenrose had ascertained his success, he stepped into a coach, and was conveyed to the inn where he left Clarissa; as he flew up stairs to impart the welcome intelligence he momentarily expected her to advance to meet him: but all was still! Surprised at this alteration in her manner towards him, he hastily opened the door, and roused her from a painful sense of faintness with which she had been seized on hearing his footsteps on the stairs.

He angrily chid her for such repeated proofs of imbecility, and swore he was much inclined to keep

her in suspense ! but Clarissa recovering her self-possession, succeeded effectually to calm this first storm of anger that had ever fallen on her head.

As a proof of his contrition, Glenrose proposed to take his wife to C—and leave her on a visit at her mother's. Grateful for this offered kindness, and sensible that her health and approaching confinement rendered more quiet than she had lately experienced necessary for her, she accepted his proposal, and on the following morning they departed for C——.

The post-boy stopped to bait his horses about five miles from Mrs. Mortimer's abode : it was the village in which Glenrose had quartered himself when in pursuit of Clarissa ; and from whence on the present occasion a messenger was dispatched to

prepare the old lady for her daughter's arrival. Here, too, Clarissa was obliged to part with her husband, to whom she gave a thousand injunctions to be careful of his health, and not to engage in any late and expensive societies that might tend to make him dissatisfied with the temporary interruption to their domestic plans, which her confinement must necessarily produce.

Glenrose promised fair ; and having affectionately embraced her, he handed his gentle wife into the carriage : when, repeating his assurances of fidelity, as he kissed the fair hand which was again extended from the window—the post-boy smacked his whip, and Clarissa was lost to his view.

## CHAP. XI.

“Pale Disappointment, at thy freezing name  
Chill fears in every shiv’ring vein I prove,  
My sinking pulse almost forgets to move,  
And life almost forsakes my trembling frame;  
Yet thee, relentless nymph, no more I blame.”

H. M. WILLIAMS.

WHEN Clarissa arrived at C——, all the villagers were in commotion, eagerly expecting to see that beloved face once more, which had so often bestowed on them its sweetest smiles, and whose delicate white hand had administered relief to the necessitous. Their loud huzzas betokened to the good old ladies the arrival of their daughter. Mrs. Benson received her on alighting from the carriage, and

after a hasty embrace, sent her forward to her mother.

It would be difficult to describe the meeting between such affectionate and tender relatives: I shall therefore leave it unattempted, and only say, that after some time spent in tears and embraces, the party assumed some degree of composure, and the old servants being admitted to congratulate her arrival, Clarissa almost forgot she had so lately been unhappy.

A month quickly elapsed; and Clarissa, aided by the rhetoric of Mrs. Benson, had succeeded in obtaining from her mother an oblivion of the faults of Glenrose. The Tattle cause was represented as favourably as possible; since, from the perusal of the Bristol Journal, which was a favorite amusement to the old lady, her

knowledge of the circumstance became unavoidable.

With what cheerfulness did Clarissa now write her husband an account of her amended health ! With what pleasure anticipate his ready acceptance of her mother's invitation to C——, and assured him, that although it was her declared intention to return with him, yet his arrival was looked for with impatience, as the necessary addition to complete her happiness.

Short-sighted mortals as we are,—how dare we to presume on what constitutes felicity ? With what high-raised expectation we dart forwards to the goal ; but the phantom mocking our grasp, hurls us terror-struck to the ground ! Our heroine experienced this melancholy truth ; and her greeting of her husband was co-



mingled with the tears she shed for the loss of her mother.

Mrs. Mortimer had yielded to her daughter's request to invite Glenrose, but as his arrival approached more near, her dislike increased. Again was her Clarissa, the pride of her life ;—the creature who stood more than ever in need of a mother's supporting care, to be taken from her ! The violence of her emotion overpowered her reason ; and on the day of Glenrose's arrival, Mrs. Mortimer burst a blood-vessel, and was found a corpse in her bed.

After the funeral, Glenrose and his wife set out for Bath, whither Mrs. Benson promised to join them as soon as possible. She was deeply affected by the loss of her old friend ; and Clarissa anxiously desired to make an interest in her bosom for the expected

stranger, by having her present at its birth.

In process of time Mrs. Benson arrived in Bath; and Clarissa was hailed mother of a lovely girl. As Glenrose kissed her cheek, and expressed his joy at her safety, Clarissa fancied she saw him disappointed. "You would rather my babe had been a boy, Glenrose," said she falteringly. "Pshaw! pshaw!" answered he, "make haste and get well, and we will talk more about it."

But by the time that desired event arrived, Glenrose had so plunged into the stream of dissipation, as to leave his wife but little hope that the branch she tendered from the tree of affection would save him from ruin: however, she left no means untried to allure him back to those quiet scenes in which he had formerly de-

lighted to repose. The effort proved unavailing; and, borne away by the deceitful current, the man of elegance degenerated to a brute.

After passing three months with Clarissa, and witnessing her uncomplaining sufferings, Mrs. Benson left Bath with sensations of the purest regret. "I can do you no good, my sweet child," she would say, "or I would not leave you: but bear in mind your mother's words, which, alas! may be too soon realized, and scruple not to seek an asylum for yourself and child, in the simple abode of your friend."

When deprived of Mrs. Benson's society, our heroine lost every comfort. "O Death!" said she, "can thy summons be more painful than this solemn parting with an only friend? My present feelings assure

me it is impossible ; and you, cruel Glenrose, have driven her from me ! *Your unkindness* has added this pang to my heart ! Thy father, poor babe, loves thee not,” and she pressed it closer to her breast ; “ but thou art rendered *more dear to me !*” At these reflections her tears streamed afresh ; and the piteous look of her innocent child, seemed to sympathize with her.

The little property which devolved to Clarissa by her mother's death, from not being secured, fell into the hands of her husband ; and was soon lost between the gaming-table and the excesses of Bacchus. After one of his midnight revels, Glenrose came reeling home, and found his wife awaiting his return, with the babe in her arms, who had just awakened and feelingly claimed its pa-

rent's assistance. When he perceived Clarissa's occupation, and that it prevented her from rising to meet him, as usual, his rage exceeded all bounds; and stamping, and swearing, upon the unoffending culprits, he seized the sword that hung suspended over the mantle-piece, and threatened to exterminate them both.

Clarissa, agonized for the safety of her child, flew into the next room, and consigned it to the care of a servant. To expostulate with her husband in his present state she well knew was impossible; and all she had to do was to endeavour to wrest the murderous weapon from his grasp. With much difficulty she succeeded; for though Glenrose had fallen asleep during her absence, he still firmly kept possession of the sword.

Having at length effected her wish,

and placed the sword out of his view, Clarissa endeavoured to release him of his cravat, &c. as should prevent his choaking; and wrapping herself in a dressing-gown, sat down to watch her husband's agitated slumbers. Now was the time Clarissa experienced the good effects of her conduct, in parting from the picture of her early love. Reflection can not *always* be subdued: but if she had contrasted the violent and debased object before her, with the placid resemblance of unvarying youth and beauty; how much might her principles have been endangered!

It was late ere Glenrose awoke to a sense of his degraded situation; and profuse were his expressions of penitent sorrow for the distress and anxiety he had caused his angelic wife; who feeling most acutely the mortification to which he had reduced him-

self, endeavoured to restore harmony by promising to forget all that had passed.

For a day or two after the above scene, in compliance with the real contrition he felt, Glenrose devoted all his time to his wife ; and in caressing the child. Clarissa *hoped* its father might love it. Their usual walks were resumed, and the beautiful and picturesque scenes from Weston and Landsdowne seemed to shine more fair than ever.

But dissipation had been too much the habit of Glenrose's constant pursuit, to be relinquished for a home in which his ears were assailed by a "*squalling brat* ;" and his wife's attention diverted towards its comfort. The gaming-table was again resorted to, and deeper losses succeeded. His conduct at home became worse than

ever. His creditors were clamorous, and his wife despairing. Every night he slept with his sword underneath his pillow, that he might be sure to have it ready to inflict terror on his victim; while she scarcely ever greeted the morn with pleasure, save, to ascertain the health of her much-loved babe.

To add to the misery of her wedded life, Clarissa at this time experienced a very sensible diminution of the respect which the servant who attended on herself and child had hitherto shewn her. When Clarissa engaged her services, she was a plain, humble country girl, whose chief pleasure consisted in anticipating her mistress's wishes: but now the scene was reversed; and having overlooked several trifling omissions, on account of the child's apparent attachment to



her, Clarissa found too late how grossly she had been deceived.

The conviction of her error was dear bought indeed : for one day on entering the nursery very unexpectedly, she was struck with astonishment at beholding Glenrose fervently embracing the poor ignorant girl ! Her step was arrested on the threshold, when Glenrose having deposited in the girl's hand a parting fee, turned to leave the room, and perceived in dismay, the proximity of his injured wife.

Clarissa staggered towards a chair, into which she fell faint and exhausted. Glenrose attempted to sooth her, and palliate his conduct ; but waving her hand for him to leave her, she endeavoured to collect her spirits for the finale of the scene.

After the pause of a few minutes

“ Betty !” said our heroine, “ I can dispense with your services ; and the sooner you leave me the better it shall be for you.”

The girl, who had as yet been appalled by the seeming composure of her mistress, now found her tongue : and artfully sought to conquer her resentment by appealing to the affectionate care, which she had constantly bestowed upon the child. But when she found that plea unavailing, she commenced a battery of such abusive and insulting language, as Clarissa could no longer support : insisting upon it “ that she would not go, unless her master ordered her.” Again Clarissa commanded her departure, and not to wake the child. “ Ha ! ha !” said this shameless creature, “ you give yourself fine airs, truly, and thinks as how nobody knows *any*

*thing* ; but I can tell ye, that I've a found out, you ben't no more master's wife than I be."

" O Glenrose! Glenrose!" cried Clarissa, " this is *indeed too bad* !"

" Aye, aye!" said Betty, " you may call upon Glenrose, but he is as much *my* Glenrose as yours ; and he promised, besides, never to desart me nor my child, and I know he will be as good as his word : but I'll tell ye *this* for your comfort, his true and la'ful wife was here to'ther day, and I h'ard her upbraid un, and say he ought to go and be kind to *she* that he had deceived ; for ' I, your true and la'ful wife, will never see you more.'"

Betty might have continued her harangue much longer (and which she had made with all due emphasis) without interruption from her mis-


tress, who only here and there had caught a word of the sentence. The girl, who had applied herself in collecting her scattered wardrobe, which was disposed in various parts of the room, finding herself still unanswered, looked round to see if her mistress was gone (in order that she might pilfer as much of the child's clothes as she could lay her hands on) when the terrible countenance of the insulted Clarissa met her view.

She was laying back in her chair, as though transfixed by lightning: her eyes glazed,—her complexion blackened from suffocation, and every appearance of approaching death! The horrid shriek and appeal to the bell which Betty made at the same instant, brought Glenrose and the people of the house into the room. When he beheld the state of

the poor sufferer, his heart was torn by remorse and anguish ; and hastily catching her up, bore her to her own apartment. The servants were soon dispersed in search of medical advice, and the poor babe awaking in the midst of the bustle, was kindly taken charge of, and fed by the landlady's daughter.

Betty commenced an explanation with her master, but he ordered her instantly to quit the house ; and, upon condition that she would return to her father's, who lived only a few miles from Bath, Glenrose promised to provide her with every comfort during her very *mal à propos* confinement, which was fast approaching, Betty acquiesced, and asked " if he would not call sometimes and see her ? " For once the blush of shame mantled on the cheek of Glenrose, as

he reflected on the depravity to which his corrupt arts had reduced this ignorant domestic.



## CHAP. XII.

“ Ah ! little dost thou know the tender claims  
That bind in feathery spells each vagrant thought,  
Love should be gentle as the twilight breeze,  
And pure as early morn’s ambrosial tears.”

MRS. ROBINSON.

MANY days elapsed ere Glenrose had the satisfaction to hear his wife was pronounced out of danger, and many *weeks* passed ere it was judged proper that an interview should take place between them. At length Clarissa, anxious for an eclaircissement, desired to see her husband, and hav-

ing ordered the child to be brought to her apartment, awaited Glenrose's arrival with impatience. The scene that ensued on their meeting has been felt by so many persons, in similar situations, that description must be inadequate to explain; suffice it, that on one part was offered every expression of contrition and penitence for having afforded cause of offence and distrust; and on the other (in due time) conciliating pardon.

Clarissa having explained to her husband, the tale with which Betty had alarmed, and which since her recovery had been repeated to her, by their landlady, Glenrose strongly disavowed it, and swore the girl was an artful dissembling creature, who had completely taken advantage of him when inebriated. "Hush, Glenrose!" said his wife, "I beseech you not to

degrade yourself so much as to recriminate on the unhappy girl, however she may have been in fault; and I will hope for your eternal happiness that the misery she has entailed on me is without foundation. I throw myself on your honour, Glenrose, am I legally your wife?"

The question was answered agreeably to the querist's wish : and friendship being once more restored between them, Glenrose became a constant visitor in his wife's apartment, and divided his attention so effectually between her and the child, as to regain the station he had forfeited in her good opinion.

Clarissa, who lost not for a moment the remembrance of the unfortunate Betty's situation, contrived to administer a thousand comforts unknown to any one except her almoner, Mr.



——, who undertook her accouchement from motives of humanity and kindness towards his very interesting patient.

Just as Clarissa's recovery was completed, and she was once more enabled to go out of doors, a letter reached Glenrose from Scotland, requiring his presence at the paternal mansion, in consequence of the decease of his mother. He regretted, in very energetic terms, the necessity for his going thither before his Clarissa was capable of accompanying him; and on their parting, a stranger would have supposed from Glenrose's distress, that he could never have given his wife cause to think him unkind. He readily accorded permission for her and the child to pass the time of his absence at C——, and in order to avoid the gossip of servants, Clarissa dis-

charged all hers ; and proceeded, three days after, the sole attendant of her daughter.

According to her wish, Mrs. Benson kept her visitor's intended arrival a secret from all but Mr. Everard, the worthy vicar, whose recent return considerably enhanced the pleasures resulting from this journey. He joined Mrs. Benson in welcoming the travellers to C—, and as each had much to say that was novel to the other, Clarissa was glad to escape Mrs. Benson's inquiries into the cause of her late illness, the traces of which were still evident in her altered person.

“ You have been dealt hardly with, my dear young friend,” said Mr. Everard, “ since we parted.” The tear trembled in her eye as she extended her blooming cherub to receive his embrace ; and desired he would bury

the *cause* of his offence, in love for the object that had grown out of it!"

"Aye, that was always your way, Clarissa," said the old man, "and matrimony, I perceive, whatever effects it may have produced on your constitution, has not spoiled your *temper*."

Glenrose was very punctual in writing to his wife, and exacting minute replies, which she carefully complied with. Every expression that he could possibly think of, to enforce on her the certainty of his undiminished love, was employed by Glenrose; and if any thing could have compensated Clarissa for what she considered his unnecessary detention in Scotland, it would have been the fond tenor of his letters.

His child too appeared to gain an increased interest in his affections

from this lengthened absence ; and while he spoke of the “ *unavoidable necessity*,” he failed not to introduce the name of his “ *pretty Jane*.” Thus, by flattering the fond mother, he sought to lull the impatient demands of the wife for his return. Clarissa, however, failed not to state to him the necessity of fixing on some permanent abode, since an increase of their family was soon to be expected. She had already paid a very long visit to Mrs. Benson, who was anxious for her further continuance : but Clarissa hoped that Glenrose would think it time to consider himself a family-man, since his cares were multiplying so fast. She therefore proposed to join him in Scotland if he preferred residing in his native country, to which she had no idea he was so strongly attached until the present moment. At all

events, she thought Somersetshire was very ill suited to them, since the most agreeable parts of it teemed only with unpleasant recollections.

As Glenrose had been absent nearly five months, Clarissa began to feel seriously alarmed; although she forbore to express it either to her friends at C——, or to the *cause* of her inquietude; but the suspicion, that her versatile husband was detained by the charms of some more novel beauty, had long troubled her repose.

Corroding care robbed her of her even spirit; restless nights of her health! And often wandering alone through the well-known juvenile walks of Lambert and herself; or with her loved child as her companion, she indulged in a melancholy that was not likely to increase her personal charms. And sometimes seated upon

the turf-clad bank, underneath the shade of a spreading tree, while her child gambolled around her, she indulged her taste for poetry in reading and composing the most mournful strains of the muse. Of the latter the following stanzas are a specimen :

The haunted ruin let me tread,  
Where horror chills the midnight shade,  
And restless spectres scream :  
Or sigh amidst the mould'ring tombs,  
Where glimmers through the twilight gloom,  
The taper's lonely beam.

Ye swains ! with soothing songs forbear  
To steal the mourner from despair ;  
But let me, let me die !

Ah ! rather give my soul the tale,  
Which turns the cheek of pity pale,  
And drowns the melting eye.

Dear to the haunt of hapless love !  
The rocky cave, the silent grove !

And dear the moon's pale ray!

How grateful every sound of woe,  
Which bids my tears unceasing flow,  
That drop with life away!

Such indulgences as these were not likely to produce that comfort to her friends that Clarissa was still desirous to dispense amongst them; therefore, when she found that Mrs. Benson had deputed the good vicar to reason her out of her melancholy, she adopted the laudable resolution of attempting to subdue it: and a letter from Glenrose, announcing his intent to join her at C—— in the beginning of the next week, made her a new being.

In the mean time, as the Rev. Mr. Everard and Mrs. Benson were one evening amusing themselves with their favourite game of draughts, a servant came from the vicarage to announce the arrival of a stranger.

Clarissa started from her seat, and would have flown thither, assured it was a messenger to impart some ill tidings of her husband, but was prevented by her friends, who tried to persuade her out of her fears: and at length she consented to relinquish her design, on the assurance that Mr. Everard would send her immediate notice, if, on his return home, he found her suspicions were groundless.

A half hour passed slowly away, and a billet was given to Clarissa. It contained the vicar's positive assurance, that the gentleman at his house was not in the least connected with Glenrose, but had business solely *with him*; and which would prevent his calling at the cottage again that evening.

Somewhat tranquillized by this mes-



sage, Clarissa retired early with her little girl, and happily found, in the oblivion of sleep, relief for her perturbed mind.

Towards the close of the following evening the sound of rattling wheels approached the cottage, and Clarissa taking the child in her arms, ran to the door. Four foaming horses proclaimed the speed and impatience of the traveller. The carriage-door opened, and Glenrose springing thence, clasped his wife and child to his breast.

Mrs. Benson advanced, and welcomed Glenrose to C——; and *he*, studious of etiquette, failed not to thank her in the most polite terms for the friendship she exhibited to his wife and child. A messenger was instantly dispatched to announce the arrival of Glenrose, and invite Mr.

Everard and his friend to supper. But, contrary to expectation, the good gentleman excused himself: and proposed to take coffee with the party on the following morning, as he was obliged to leave home for some days.

Mr. Everard fulfilled his engagement, but unaccompanied by his friend. The ladies reproached him for leaving the stranger alone; but he informed them his friend was very much of an invalid, and recently returned from abroad, under the pressure of severe mental disappointment, which totally unfitted him for being witness of a scene like the present.

There was an impression in the vicar's manner—a seriousness—a commiseration in the sorrows of his friend, that struck deep at the fibres of *Clarissa's* heart. She alternately regarded Mr. Everard and Mrs. Benson with

the eye of anxious curiosity. The former, on observing how intently she watched him, changed the subject, and conversed with Glenrose respecting his late journey : and from the expression of Mrs. Benson's face, it was evident *she* was ignorant of the stranger's concerns. At parting, Mr. Everard expressed his apprehension that it might be long ere he again enjoyed the pleasures of the present moment. And presenting Clarissa with a valuable oriental topaz brooch, set with brilliants, which his friend had given to him, requested her to wear it for *his sake*, whose services were tendered to the utmost extent towards his favourite Clarissa. A tear fell on the hand that received this valuable gift, and a tender embrace sealed anew their solemn friendship.

Glenrose was glad when the vicar left the room; for he found himself the object of a severe scrutiny; and in Mr. Everard's offers of service to Clarissa, he saw it suspected that she might *need* such. He therefore readily detested the man who could in so short a time detect the superficies of his glossy character; and scrupled not to avow his contempt of Mr. Everard's suspicion, and ridiculed his wife on the prosing champion she had acquired; begging also to know in what employ she thought the *old one* might be most useful?

Clarissa, who was extremely agitated by her husband's sarcasm, entreated him not to insult Mrs. Benson, or further wound her feelings by reflecting on the kindness of Mr. Everard's motive, which she was well assured implied nothing more than

the zeal of a parent towards his child, in which light he had been ever accustomed to consider her.

The entrance of Mrs. Benson, who had walked to the outer gate with her friend, put an end to Glenrose's dialogue with his wife, and after spending a day or two at C——, he became cloyed with its serenity, and desired Clarissa would hasten her preparations for their departure.

Bath was again to become their place of rest till after Clarissa's accouchement. There only it was Glenrose could expect (he said) to meet either a rational or amusing creature during the deprivation which he must for some time submit to, of her society. Clarissa was obliged to acquiesce in this arrangement, and took leave of her friend with a heavy heart.

## CHAP. XIII.

“ Where shall the lover rest  
 Whom the Fates sever  
 From his true maiden’s breast,  
 Parted for ever ?

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden’s breast,  
 Ruin and leave her ?”

SCOTT.

A FORTNIGHT after the departure of the Glenrose family, a note from the vicar announced to Mrs. Benson the arrival of himself and friend ; and prepared her also to meet in this unexpected visitor, the long-lost and much lamented Edmund Lambert. The old lady was almost overcome

with surprise, and sincerely rejoiced at the impatience of Glenrose to leave C——, since it prevented Clarissa's exposure to a dangerous trial.

But Edmund was little amended by the change of scene to which the vicar had conducted him. A deep rooted disease preyed upon his constitution. His mind was shattered even to imbecility, and no trace remained of the gay and sanguine youth who once sported his airy frolics to the pleased eye of his friend; or soothed the ear of his delighted mistress with the melody of his untutored voice.

The poor young man was greatly affected at meeting Mrs. Benson; and wherever he turned, the vestiges of his Clarissa's elegant taste were discernible. He sighed and wept upon the shoulder of his old friend, as he

enumerated a thousand proofs of her affection : and now, when returned to his native country, in possession of a competence suited to her modest wishes, and with a heart still devoted to her perfections, he finds her the property of another.—The thought was maddening !

It would have been some consolation could he have heard that Clarissa sometimes talked of him, and regretted their wayward destinies ! But this selfishness was severely reproached by his friend, who told him, “ that he ought rather to rejoice that Clarissa had preserved her youthful innocence, and not even *whispered* an inquiry that could militate with the engagement she was pledged to perform towards Glenrose.

At last the tardy hour arrived, that was to convey intelligence of Clarissa



to her friend Mrs. Benson. The postman's horn was sounded in the village; and Edmund, with a tottering and impatient step, visited the office, whence conveying the expected letter, he became doubly welcome to the old lady. The contents spoke favourably of the writer's health, but her spirits were evidently still depressed; and sensible of the regret which Mrs. Benson would experience, Clarissa endeavoured to place it to the account of her situation, and how much better she had been prepared for it before, by having the company of her dear *mamma Benson*. "Glenrose," she added, "was a great deal from home, for it must be acknowledged she made but a dull companion for one who was so fond of gaiety."

With visible impatience Edmund regarded Mrs. Benson in the act of

folding up the letter, and consigning it to her pocket. Seizing her hand, he asked if he was not to be rewarded with its perusal ? “ I should be willing to gratify you, my dear Edmund,” said she, “ if the contents were likely to afford you pleasure.” “ Oh ! never heed the *effect* it may have on me,” rejoined Edmund ; “ the sight of those adored characters in which I have so often delighted, will impart a balm to my wounded spirit, it is otherwise incapable of tasting.”

Mrs. Benson reluctantly yielded the letter to his urgent request ; and with all the speed he could assume, he regained his apartment at the vicarage, where he shut himself in, and remained invisible for several hours.

Reverting to the time of Lambert’s

departure for India, since which four years had passed away without any of the parties receiving intelligence of the other. We will accompany him across the Atlantic, and watch his feverish slumbers, as agitated by the remembrance of his Clarissa, he sought to drown, by the aid of opiates, the acuteness of his grief.

The fallacy of this practice was pointed out to him, as likely to terminate fatally, in conjunction with the climate he was bound for; to the hopes of himself and friends. But conviction brought shame and regret with it; and by the time Edmund had been a year at Madras, he found himself so debilitated by the climate and the deleterious effects of laudanum, as to be compelled to return home. The fleet not yet being prepared to sail, Edmund accepted an invitation from a merchant to whom

he was introduced, to pass the intervening time at his country-house.

The youth had written several letters to his friends at C——, and also to his unknown correspondent, whom he had taught himself to consider as his parent. He had been very minute therein of particulars that had occurred in this hemisphere, and of the necessity there was for him to leave Madras : but those letters never having reached them, his friends at C——, after several unsuccessful attempts to gain intelligence of him, ceased also to write.

During his abode in the country, the amiability of Lambert's manners won the confidence of his new friend ; and he now learnt that he was not the only being in the world, who without acknowledged friends or connections was exposed to buffet with its difficulties.

The first recollection Mr. Penfold (so was this gentleman called,) had of persons or things, originated in a native hut on the banks of the Kristna, in the Carnatic, where he was given, in due time, to understand that he was more indebted to the inhabitants for his life, than to the parents who gave him being; having been discovered at a small distance from the hut exposed in an osier cradle.

Trained up in the pursuits of the natives, and in some measure partaking of their feelings, he continued to reside contentedly amongst them until carried by his benefactors to Madras, where the sight of white men's superiority, and the sympathies of nature, induced him to seek employments more congenial with himself.

In the course of fifty years residence there, he experienced largely of the

bounties of Providence. Wealth was the reward of industry ; and an amiable European blessed him in marriage. Of the five children she brought him, and who bade fair to emulate their parent's virtues, not one was living : an epidemical complaint swept them all away in the course of one short month ! Mrs. Penfold in grieving for their loss also fell a sacrifice ; and poor Penfold stood alone in the world, without tie or prop, to support his aged frame. As soon, therefore, as he could settle his affairs, he proposed to go to England with Edmund, and by adopting him as his son, secure to himself a companion with whom to end his days.

On Mr. Penfold's imparting this intention, Edmund gave him an explicit detail of his hopes of an union with Clarissa ; and the latter prepared

abundance of finery, to present to the elect of his young friend. Various circumstances, however, procrastinated their voyage, so that ere it took place, one solitary letter from Mr. Everard reached Madras.

The afflicting contents which informed Edmund of Miss Mortimer's marriage, operated to produce a high delirium and fever, during which Mr. Penfold attended him with the assiduity of a father. When he found his reason returned, the good man used every argument to prevail upon Edmund not to return to England; but persisting in his original intention, they embarked in the country ship *Malabar*; and, favoured by prosperous gales, arrived in due time off *St. Helena*.

And here fresh trouble awaited the voyagers: War had recently broke

out between England and France; and the frigate which was carrying out dispatches from the latter nation, to their settlements abroad, fell in with the *Malabar*, just as she was entering the harbour; where they sustained the mortification of being obliged to strike their colours, within sight of one of their own forts.

They were carried to France, and after suffering great inconveniences in consequence of the plunder they sustained, and the weak and imbecile state of the young voyager, they fortunately effected their escape in a neutral vessel from *St. Maloes*.

On arriving in England, Lambert instantly pursued his route to the metropolis; and presenting himself at his banker's, received a packet which had lain there some time, the writer of which was avowed to be deceased.



Perceiving that the address was in the usual hand-writing, Edmund speedily retreated to the inn, where he had left Mr. Penfold ; and in perusing the contents, possessed himself of his mother's melancholy history.

With a heart oppressed by this increased source of trouble, Edmund hastened to find consolation in the bosom of his protector Everard. Here he learnt that Clarissa was an inmate at the house of Mrs. Benson—he essayed to acquire resolution to see her, but in vain. Clarissa, once loved to madness, could never be regarded with composure ! The peace, too, of the adored mistress of his heart, was connected with his forbearance, and that proved an inducement for his compliance with Mr. Everard's advice to make a short tour until Glenrose had removed his wife from C——.

But Mrs. Benson, who considered herself pledged to give Clarissa intimation of Lambert's return, was so much disturbed at the dejection which evidently had oppressed her when she wrote the letter Edmund was the bearer of, that she hastened as soon as possible to the vicarage to consult with Mr. Everard. The poor youth had just joined his old friend, and they advanced together to meet her. Mrs. Benson was shocked at the legible marks of despair imprinted on his countenance, and entreated him to return Clarissa's letter; but, placing his hand upon his heart, he swore never to part from it while life regulated *its* pulsations.

Edmund saw that his *idol* was miserable, though she complained not. In the estrangement of her husband, he anticipated desertion; and Ed-

mund determined, that unseen and unknown, he would, to the utmost of his power, screen Clarissa and her children from the dangers of which he was apprehensive. His person was too much altered to be recognised by her, should any accident, which he could not guard against, throw him immediately in her way. A change of name was also another security against detection, and which the injunction of his deceased parent required should take place as soon as possible.

Having explained these designs to his friends, and intending instantly to commence their execution, Edmund put into Mr. Everard's hands the packet from his mother. Her melancholy tale he conceived would beguile the old people of their pity. And her

injuries he as deeply felt as in his own bosom. His purpose to leave C—— on the following morning was not to be counteracted; and having adopted measures for the assumption of his new name, he proposed to return to C—— with Mr. Penfold; and after consigning him to the friendly Everard's care, pursue his meditated plan in favour of Clarissa.

When Edmund had left them, Mrs. Benson judged it expedient to fulfil her promise to Clarissa, and inform her of his existence; and as she could do it without immediately betraying his secret, she addressed an answer to her last letter, in which, after blaming her for its desponding tenor, she consoles her with the hope of their meeting in a few months. “Receive this cordial,” she said, “my dear Clarissa,

as an earnest of the blessings which Providence has in reserve to reward your patient submission to his inflictions. Be prepared for a still greater pleasure than my company can dispense to you, in the certainty that our valued Edmund still lives! The gentleman who visited Mr. Everard when you were at C——, brought news of the young man. He informs us that an unexpected competence has crowned his virtues with the annexed condition of a change of name. I am not empowered at present to give my child further particulars, but should any reach me, that is likely to gratify her, I will hasten the communication."

This letter being finished, the rest of the day was devoted to Edmund's manuscript. Mr. Everard was the reader, and frequently obliged to

pause and wipe away the tear that dimmed his spectacles, as he went through the tale of sorrow.

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*The Manuscript :*

“ Edmund ! my beloved deserted child ! when these lines meet thy eye, the parent who unfolds herself to thee will have ceased to live ; and no voice be sounded to tell of the tenderness and anguish which wrung her heart, when compelled to assign thee to a stranger’s care ! Yet let me not say a *stranger*, for the humanity which dictated his address to my uncle, after he had shut me from his house, prohibits my considering Mr. Everard in reality so coldly.

“ Your maternal uncle, my dear boy, took me early from the protection of a gay parent, to whom he bore no regard, but from pity of his bro-

ther, who had left her at his decease a very small pittance and an only daughter. I was allowed to inherit, with my mother's beauty, much of her levity of disposition: so between fondness and severity I passed my infant days in the mansion of my uncle, whose acrid temper was ill calculated to amend my faults.

“ After running wild for some years, I was sent to a boarding-school, where I made but small improvement; however, on my return home, my uncle appeared tolerably satisfied, and my other relations occasionally noticed me.

“ There is a charm in the naïve manners of youth which attracts men even when devoid of beauty; but aided by so potent a possession, I received, in full measure, the tribute of

flattery, *I* thought, and *they* swore was my due ! I sucked the delicious poison with avidity ; and felt amply compensated for the constrained civility shewn to me by my less favoured relatives. To *them* the gifts of Plutus had been liberal ; while thy mother sickened at a dependance she hourly felt more keen, from her protector's abuse of power.

“ I was only seventeen when I met my husband ; but I am premature in introducing him. — Let my youth plead in extenuation of my faults ! — I have suffered severely.

“ I had had many lovers ; one only made his proposals known to my uncle : he was handsome, of a good family, rising in the military profession, and withal a man of honour. I liked this gentleman much better than



any one I had ever seen, and confess that I lost no occasion to meet him, that opportunity afforded.

“ I was reduced to the necessity of keeping this acquaintance concealed from the family, from my uncle’s express prohibition of *danglers*, as he called all the men whom he saw attentive to my friends. ‘ What can *such-and-such* ladies think of themselves,’ he would say (naming certain of my friends) ‘ by suffering those idle fellows to elbow them about as they do? Can they think ever to get married? Why, the men only laugh at their credulity, and the moment their backs are turned, make their names a standing jest at their licentious *mess-meetings*! *I’ll tell you what it is, Miss*, if I ever know that *you* encourage such attentions, I will lock you up, or cut your legs off?’ The

former he actually put in practice, upon intercepting a letter which my lover had bribed the servant-boy to deliver to me.

“ This letter, which was highly honourable to the writer, was designed advantageously for me. In it he proposed to ask my uncle’s consent to our immediate union; that, as his regiment was ordered abroad, he might leave me during his absence in a more retired scene, under the care of two maiden aunts, who had brought him up, and considered him as their son.

“ The plan, I confess, would have been very acceptable to me, but it did not reach my knowledge until my uncle had seen him, and decidedly negatived his pretensions. His next epistle, however, met with better success: and in the assurance, that on his return from abroad (which he antici-

pated would not be long distant) he would renew the proposals for our marriage, I felt a little consoled. As the talisman of fidelity, he also sent me a small locket, in which was platted some of his hair : and I enthusiastically fastened it round my neck, and vowed on it a scrupulous faith.

“ Two years passed away, and the skeleton regiment, after a hard campaign, returned to England. My lover was of the number of survivors, but he wrote not to me. In secret, or with the few friends who were confidants of my amour, I bewailed his inconstancy. He lives ! but not for me ! I exclaimed, absence has erased the remembrance of his once beloved Mary ; and this little relique is all that remains of my days of happiness.

“ About this time it was that I be-

came acquainted with a young man who was also recently returned from America. He was in the army, a profession on which I doated. He was specious, and *I* was easily deceived. In an ill hour thy mother consented to become the wife of a low, ignorant, worthless man ;—and for what? To gratify my thoughtless revenge on —, by letting him see that I could learn of him *to forget* ; and also to free myself from the irksome restraint imposed on me by my uncle. Alas ! I little knew the man whose resentment my rash folly had incurred.

“The priest of a neighbouring parish having joined our hands, I, as well as my husband, hoped that when my uncle knew the fault was without remedy, he would overlook its magnitude. We were deceived.—In lieu

of forgiveness, bitter denunciations were heaped upon me; and solemnly did he swear upon his knees.—Aye, my child! this man, who in furnishing me with clothes and schooling, thought he acted the parts of a father and a friend, solemnly *swore*, ‘*never again to hold communion with me, even if I came a beggar to his door!!!*’

“ In vain was the feeble voice of an aged relative, who superintended the household, and tenderly loved me, exerted in petitioning my cruel uncle to retract the harsh sentence: her influence was opposed by *others*, who claimed the right of urging feelings more *loud* and *imperious* than the mild dictates of humanity! O Envy! how strong are thy powers when kindred ties cannot command thy stay!—When man rushes on his defenceless brother, to ruin his fortunes,—to blast

his hopes,—thou art not to be trifled with!

“When those who most should pity, most condemn.”

“My life has been the evidence of its fatal effects: for, cast from my uncle’s heart *for ever*, I no longer received a decent respect from my husband. As I never loved him, I cared but little about it ; and after having borne him two children, who both died, and receiving every indignity that so despicable a character (as I too late found him) could testify towards me, I accepted, (O shame ! shame ! I blush before thee, my child, when I repeat it !) the *protection* of his commanding officer.

“The term *protection* is too indefinite to be understood by the pupil of the Rev. Mr. Everard. With *him* in the village of C——, the word implies

‘ a defence, or shelter from evil ;’ with the man of the world it comprehends only the paltry permission to ‘ shelter’ a sullied name under that of the seducer. At *his expense* for a time to be ‘ defended’ from the inclemencies of cold and hunger, until satiated with possession, the unhappy victim is consigned, on some trifling pretext, to seek *other equally honorable protection* : or is compelled to suffer the extremes of those ‘ evils’ the ill-applied term intimates a ‘ *defence from.*’

“ A celebrated French author has the following sentiment that should be graven on the heart of every female, and to which had I attended, I should now have less cause for reproach : ‘ Quand on voit de loin, un amant, il ne paroît pas dangereux, et que la vertu croit en l’écoutant, ne courir

aucun risque : mais les choses changent de face à mesure qu'on en approche ; et ce seroit ne pas connoître le cœur humain, que de le croire incapable de foiblesse. L'amour n'est qu'une idée, et c'est doute qu'il ait jamais existé. Ce n'est aujourd'hui qu'un lien formé par la caprice, entretenu par un sentiment encore plus méprisable, et détruit par tous deux.'

" Before your birth, I was abandoned by your father ; and when I say the hour that gave you life was hateful to me, you will not wonder, after all the hardships I had encountered from your sex.

" I had heard that Mr. Everard, at the time of my elopement, issued many christian arguments in my behalf, when conversing about me with my uncle. (He was at that period the curate of our parish.) To him, there-



fore, I determined to address myself, and give up the care of my child. The compensation I received from your father enabled me to do it handsomely as to pecuniary matters. I watched your reception at the vicarage, where I had traced Mr. Everard; it more than answered my expectations. In various disguises I afterwards followed my child's steps, in his daily walks with the good Everard, and heard their names joined in the artless praises of the villagers.

“ And here let me recal to your memory the anniversary of your tenth year, when you rescued a tattered female mendicant from the gripe of your favorite terrier. Her eager look and contemptible appearance alarmed the watchful animal for the safety of his young master. He sprang upon me—Me! my child! thy mother

whose necessities humanity taught thee to relieve, and nature to sympathize with; had that day assumed the guise of a beggar to wander round the dwelling of her heart's repose! I witnessed your affection for Miss Mortimer, and planned many schemes for its fulfilment. And I partook of the cup of disappointment when informed of her marriage.

“ Through the interest of a subsequent *generous* protector, I procured the living with which Mr. Everard was presented on your going abroad; and was thus enabled to provide for the benefactor, the friend, and fosterer of my child. What Mr. Everard has been to you, thy mother (but for the stigma which attached to your birth) would have essayed *to be!* For you the exchange has been pregnant with events that will, I trust,

prove eventually serviceable. Experience will enure you to the disappointments of life, and piety teach submission.

“ With this latter friend, however, I made the tour of Italy, where having remained four years, he fell sick and died; bequeathing me a very handsome fortune; and I was returning home with a design to devote the remainder of my days to seclusion, when a dreadful storm overtook us in the mouth of the Channel, which seemed likely to hurl my affrighted soul before the judgment-seat of the Deity ere my probation was passed. But God, who knows all hearts, I thought would ascertain the veracity of mine better than a thousand wordy professions.

“ We were now arrived off the port of —, when the captain declared

his inability to proceed farther, and that he must put in there for safety to ride out the storm; but the little vessel becoming unmanageable in the darkness of night, was cast underneath the battlements of a castle, from whose various turrets, torches and lanthorns were suspended to lend assistance in this hour of danger.

“A sunken rock pierced through the sheathed bottom of the vessel; which reeling on its immoveable bed, seemed designed to cradle its tenants to an eternal sleep. But the hour of deliverance approached as morning dawned. The castle and its environs sent forth their ready inhabitants to assist the sufferers. A shelving rock beneath the castle windows became the resort of these active agents of mercy, and by the help of strong ropes, which were dexterously flung

to the vessel, and received there, the mariners and others were enabled, as the vessel heeled towards the castle, to gain a landing.

“ Terror had deprived me of all strength, and I must have been abandoned to the wreck, if the humanity of a brave and powerful seaman had not effected my deliverance. The interest of the spectators was wrought to a height of agony, as they feared the receding surge, by heeling the vessel in the other direction, or the breaking of the rope from the additional weight, might precipitate both into the deep. However, the hardy sailor, whose mind feared no perils that courage and animal exertion could combat, strained every nerve to accelerate our approach to his comrades ; and at length once more touched the land. Two of the men

hastened to relieve him from his inanimate burthen ; but my generous, my gallant deliverer ! before a hand could be stretched to save him, reeled, from exhaustion, over the precipice, and sunk—never to rise again !

“ I was conveyed into the castle, and placed on a very superb bed, where every restorative was administered, and the signs of returning life hailed by my assistants with sounds of joy. Here was true benevolence ! active, dignified, and effective ; stretching over the couch of the pallid sufferer, and succouring her with all the zeal of angels.

“ When I opened my eyes again to life and sense, I beheld, as I thought, a vision from heaven, in the person of my dear old aunt, who sat by the bed-side to watch my returning life. I screamed ;—and as I stretched forth

my hand to ascertain the reality, again fainted.

“ When recovered, I found the seat where I supposed I had seen my aunt, occupied by a good-humored looking man, who signified that he was the *Æsculapius* of the household, and called on to lend his aid in my service at this critical juncture. All discourse was, therefore, prohibited for twenty-four hours, during which time he would himself watch the effect of the anodyne he held in his hand, and required me instantly to take. I found it impossible to disobey him; and soon reaped the benefit of his medicine in a sound sleep.

“ On awaking considerably refreshed, I was anxious to ask many questions respecting my preservers; but the good apothecary repeated his interdict till the morrow, when, if I con-

tinued better, he said he would allow me to see and thank them.

“The tardy morrow came, and with it a more restless uneasiness of mind than I had ever experienced. I asked the servant who assisted me to dress, the name of the owner of the castle? She informed me it was *Proby*; but that her master had not long resided there. As I never knew any one of that name, I became a little tranquilized; and sending Mrs. Orvilles respectful wish to pay her personal thanks to her kind hosts, I awaited their coming.

“The servant had brought my trunk, which was saved from the wreck, and on the lid of which ‘*Orville*’ was engraved: it was indeed the name by which I had been known for many a past year: it belonged to my generous deceased friend.



“Never was so altered a being as I now recognised when surveying myself in the large mirror which stood in this apartment. My figure, once large and commanding, was now dwindled to the insignificance of a shade.—My cheeks, in which, as I have been told, sat ‘the *dimpled loves*,’ were now sallow and care-worn! The smile of *enjouement* was changed for the sickly languor of departed bliss; and thus contrasted with my former self, I had no dread of being known as Mary Marchmont.

“At length the door opened, and I arose to receive my visitors. I scarcely dared to lift up my head, from a consciousness of —— *I knew not what*, when the softened sounds of female gratulation met my ear, in accents my heart acknowledged. ‘I *heard* the vision then, whose *person*

I had beheld!' and raising my eyes in an agony of doubt and joy, I encountered also those of my uncle. With shrieks I flew towards him, and clasping his knees with my arms, invoked him, by the mercy he had shewn to a stranger, to recal the horrid vengeance he had denounced on *me*. My poor alarmed aunt sunk into a chair, overpowered by her emotion, and my uncle, endeavouring to resist my caresses, and thinking me insane, begged I would compose myself, as he imagined the alarm and agitation I had so lately undergone, had disordered my reason, and I mistook him for another.

“ ‘O, say not so?’ I replied, ‘cast me not away in reality, now that I am shipwrecked on your lands, and a bankrupt of happiness! Cast not off a second time the fugitive, to whom

your humanity granted an asylum, and saved from a watery grave!’ ‘Nay,’ said he, ‘you are not my niece.—She whom I vowed never to see more, bore features that time could not have destroyed, as it has thus done yours!’ And he looked sternly and repulsively at me.

“I turned towards my aunt, and still on my knees entreated her to recognise her forlorn niece. I then lifted my gown sleeve, and shewed her the mark of a *pine* for which it was said my mother *had longed* during her pregnancy. This evidence was conviction: for my mother’s fatal predilection for this fruit had created the opinion amongst her husband’s relations of her extravagance (they concluding that natural born tastes must be abolished, because dependant upon the value of specie). She pressed me

to her heart, and breathed a blessing on the recovered prodigal! My uncle, in great agitation, was about to leave the room; but springing forwards with an almost supernatural effort, I detained him, asking ‘if he was more pitiless than the elements, or less forgiving than the God who composed them?’ My aunt added her imploring voice to mine; and softening the energy of my address, she besought him to remember the fatted calf which the good father killed at the return of *his* prodigal,—‘and will you do less for yours, dear Hubert,’ added she. She ‘was dead and is alive again, she was lost and is found.’

“ I bent my head in awe and reverence. The moment of appeal was propitious: and looking at me with a milder aspect, my uncle desired I would rise and compose myself; that

he was too much disordered *then* to converse with me, but that in a few days he should expect a particular narrative of all my faults, that he might judge how far, without injury to his more happy relatives, he could accord me his entire forgiveness.

“ However, on the representation of my aunt, he was induced to spare the mortifying recital, on condition that I resumed the name of Marchmont, and relinquished all possessions derived from other sources than *his* bounty. I almost feared to trust so capricious a man ; but my aunt overruled my objections, and the property, purchased by my lost happiness, was made over to two newly erected penitentiaries in my own, and an adjacent country.

“ The name of my uncle’s mansion was Rose Castle, and he inherited it

from a very distant branch of the family, with the request that he would also adopt his name: my ignorance of this relationship, accounts for my persuasion of security when I heard the name of *Proby* from the servant.

“Rose Castle is situated at the mouth of the river ——. On the south side presenting to the eye of the mariner, the appearance of an extensive and well fortified structure, which had stood the test of time, and whose delapidations had recently been repaired. Towards the north the scene is changed to a pastoral assemblage of all the beauties of nature, aided by the hand of tasteful art. The front of the building, composed of Portland-stone, and its porticoes of native granite, supports the slender branches of the small double blossom myrtle, and honey-suckles, and geraniums,

which grow in luxuriant wildness, ‘and do the charming air repay with thousand odours.’ The garden, tastefully laid out, is intersected now and then by clumps of towering trees, and flowering shrubs, whose varied colours give a richness and elegance to the scene. One bright parterre, excluded from the fervor of meridian sun, by the lofty shade of oaks that almost surround it, was dedicated to *Affection*, of which an effigy is affixed within a temple, whose dome, supported by light pillars, is fancifully enwreathed with sculptured insignia.

“The votive offerings to this shrine had usually been the best plants the green-house afforded, as they arose in succession beneath the hand of my kind aunt—of these the beautiful, but evanescent convolvulus and ever-during amaranthus formed conspicu-

ous objects.—Pointing to a lesson, ‘My dear Mary,’ she would say, ‘that implies the superiority and unshaken love of a parent (such as I have ever felt for thee,) over the transient and perishable charms of youth and beauty.’ On either side, towards the east and west of Rose Castle, fine woods raise their proud honours from the summit of the hill, to the level of the sea, on whose margin a fine gravel path leads the explorer round to the valley which Rose Castle fronts on this side.

“*Here*, then, casting off the cares and thoughts of the world, I live secluded from all intercourse with its inhabitants, except those who compose my family. The deaths of my uncle and aunt, which followed quickly on each other, with the settlement of their affairs, prevented my punctual-



ity with respect to your voyage to India as early as I first intended: but that accomplished, I returned to my asylum, intending never to quit it till life is finally extinct.

“ Think you not, my Edmund, that my tears and prayers will expiate the offence of which I have been guilty? In the doctrines of Mr. Everard the road that leads to the gate of mercy was ever distinctly pointed out to the unhappy wanderer who had strayed from it. They were ever *beseechingly* implored to seek by penitence an acceptance in a blessed hereafter.

“ To those on whom have not been poured the abundance of rich and lenient friends, the various asylums established for contrite offenders, open a ready path to the strict and strait road it is enjoined us to pursue: and there are too many even of those

who tempt females to deviate from virtue, that endeavour to decry these establishments as being merely the temporary resort of transient penitents : and I have heard it adduced, that instances had occurred where the same person had been thrice admitted, as an argument of their inefficiency ! But are our hospitals for the wounds of the body ever shut, or judged of no effect, because the patients are compelled to solicit admission a *third* and a *fourth* time ?—And shall those institutions, designed by pious Christians for the purposes of saving the *souls*, and healing the lacerated *minds* of their inhabitants, be less free of access, because it may *occasionally* happen, that *vice* like *disease*, breaks out again in the habit, and the patient needs further incitement towards a perfect cure ? Must

the poor offenders be branded as Hypocrites, because their powers of resistance are infirm? No, no, no, my Edmund! the proneness of nature to error, in *other points* affords a full conviction that it is not against such unfortunates the gate of mercy is to be for ever shut. ‘Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,’ said a voice, whose precepts also forbad ‘*all uncharitableness.*’

“Small, I fear, is the number that can lay their hands upon their breasts and say, ‘I never was the *spoiler of innocence!* I never *triumphed over the fallen!* I never *robbed* (nor *circumvented*) my neighbours! I never *slandered!* I never interfered in business *that did not concern me!* I never destroyed *domestic confidence!* I never taught the *doctrines* my practice did not justify.’—If any such exist

amongst the men of *this world*, ‘*let him cast the first stone,*’ to blockade the children of misery from *their hope of happiness in the next.*

“ I call upon you, my dear Edmund (as from the grave) to become a supporter of such establishments, as far as you are able both with your voice and purse.

“ But little further remains for me to enjoin you. Quit, I entreat, the name you have hitherto borne, and assume that of your unfortunate mother; who humbly hopes that her penitence will be accepted in heaven, and its mercy shewn, in the goodness of the Deity, towards her beloved child, the object of her only earthly care.

“ There is a sufficient sum deposited in your banker’s hands, to procure you independence, should you be compelled to return to England. I

scruple, on many accounts, to name more particularly the authors of my sufferings ; suffice it, that Mr. Everard knows, in part, my story, and the right I have to bestow on you the name of

“ MARCHMONT.”

“ Lovely unfortunate !” said Mr. Everard, as he ceased reading, “ full well do I remember the gloomy day of your marriage ; and the regret which it caused amongst your young companions. The fate of Mary Marchmont should be held up as a beacon, to warn guardians and parents of the mistaken system of desiring to see old heads upon young shoulders. Opposed to our Clarissa, this young woman’s conduct affords a striking example. A difference of education has produced it : ‘ Just as the twig is

bent, the tree inclines.' That twig which is generously nourished, and supplied with moisture; whose blights are carefully swept off, or in failure of gentle methods, expunged by the force of powerful machines and bitter concoctions, rises in time to a goodly healthful tree, and amply rewards the cultivator for the care he bestowed on it. Whereas the tender plant, carelessly set and negligently attended, grows wild, rank, and coarse; until at last, bending towards the earth, it again takes root, and the unskilful gardener, too late perceiving his error, plucks the neglected plant from the parterre, and casts it away for ever !

“ Mary was the very essence of good humor ; and, though excessively vain and giddy, was not devoid of sense ; and the poor found in her a

constant friend. I think I behold now the soft expression of her dark hazle eye ; and the sweet smile which, irradiating her countenance, resembled the lustre of a bright moon emerging from beneath a light passing cloud !”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





